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MORDAUNT.

SKETCHES

OF

LIFE, CHARACTERS, AND MANNERS,

IN

VARIOUS COUNTRIES;

INCLUDING THE

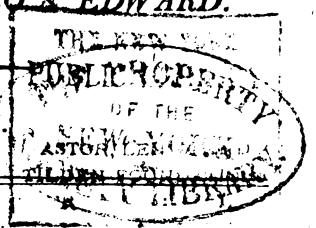
MEMOIRS

OF

A FRENCH LADY OF QUALITY.

BY THE

AUTHOR OF ZELUCO & EDWARD.



VOL. II.

Ficta voluptatis causa sint proxima veris.

HOR.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR G. G. AND J. ROBINSON, PATERNOSTER-ROW;

BY S: HAMILTON, FALCON-COURT, FLEET-STREET.

1800.

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MORDAUNT.

The STORY *of Madame la* MARQUISE *de* ——, *as narrated by herself to Miss* CLIFFORD.

MY father was a man of birth and of conſiderable fortune, moſt of which he had ſpent in the ſervice before he married my mother; but he then enjoyed court-favour, a government, and other lucrative offices. He was forty years of age, and ſhe only twenty. Her fortune was more ample than his had ever been; yet he had ſo liberal and magnificent a turn of mind, that, when he died, my mother's fortune, of which he could draw only the rents, was all he left as a proviſion for his family.

Three years before his death I had been boarded in a convent, contrary to the inclina-

tion of my mother, who would rather that I had been educated at home under her own eye: but my father gave frequent entertainments, was proud of my mother's accomplishments, and feared that her attention to my education would often prevent her from appearing in those assemblies, of which he considered her as the greatest ornament. My mother yielded *with regret* a point which she thought very material.

The convent in which I was boarded, and where I remained three years, had a high reputation. Those nuns, to which the education of the boarders is peculiarly intrusted, execute the task, for the most part, in a conscientious manner, and to the best of their understanding. The impression they make on the young mind very often remains through life. This impression has an opposite effect, according to the character of those on which it is made. Some it renders superstitious; others, soon after they are introduced into society, on hearing some of the notions and

practices they learned at the convent turned into ridicule, are apt to become irreligious. On me the impreſſion was of the firſt kind; for, at the time I was removed from the convent, I had a great inclination to become a nun.

[Here I could not help interrupting the marchioneſs with a ſudden exclamation—

"Good heaven! to become a nun."

"Yes, my dear," reſumed ſhe, ſmiling: "and if at that age you had lived as long in the ſame ſociety, for ſome of the nuns were extremely amiable as well as pious, I make no doubt but you would have had the ſame inclination."]

Secluded from the ordinary occupations of life, it is not ſurpriſing that they ſhould place almoſt the whole of goodneſs in the performance of religious ceremonies and devout contemplations. Some particular ceremonies may even be amuſing to the fancy of a child; and at any rate was, I thought, an eaſy purchaſe for that eternal happineſs to be ſecured by performing them, and which I was inſtructed

would be endangered by living more at large in the world.

An incident of a peculiar nature, however, induced my mother to inſiſt with my father that I ſhould be removed from the convent ſooner than ſhe had agreed to: after which the company and converſation of my mother gradually diminiſhed my prejudice in favour of the convent, and I loſt all deſire to be a nun: but while ſhe endeavoured to efface every trace of childiſh ſuperſtition from my mind, ſhe took equal pains to imprint ſentiments of rational piety in their ſtead. She deſcribed ſuperſtition to me as a weakneſs, which ſhe thought, however, had not ſo pernicious an effect on the female character as infidelity; ſhe told me that the moſt profligate women ſhe had ever known were thoſe who were, or affected to be, infidels: ſuperſtition, therefore, ſhe contemned, but impiety filled her with horror.

[I again interrupted the marchioneſs's narrative, ſaying, "that, if ſhe had no objection, I had ſome curioſity to know what the inci-

dent was which determined her mother to remove her from the convent ſooner than ſhe had before agreed to:" but thinking that ſhe heſitated a little, I immediately added, "that if it was of a ſecret nature, or if, for any other reaſon, ſhe had the ſmalleſt ſcruple to communicate it, I begged ſhe would forgive me, and proceed."

"Secret nature—no—it is rather of a ridiculous nature," anſwered the marchioneſs: "but, ſuch as it is, ſince you wiſh to know it, you ſhall be indulged."]

You can hardly form a notion, my dear Miſs Clifford, (continued the marchioneſs,) of the ſtrange incongruous ideas that may be united in the brain of young perſons by certain impreſſions, and by the ambiguity of words. In the convent in which I was, a young relation of mine was alſo a boarder—about fifteen years of age, of a lively imagination, and conſidered as a little ſaint, on account of the animation of her geſtures in performing the uſual ceremonies of devotion

and the fervour of her expreſſions, when ſhe ſpoke on religious ſubjects.

Sermons were occaſionally preached in the chapel adjoining to the convent. A tall, handſome eccleſiaſtic, of a majeſtic appearance, preached an eloquent ſermon on the love we owe to God. This ſermon, and the preacher, ſeemed to make a deep impreſſion on the young lady: ſhe was more thoughtful than uſual, and ſometimes ſeemed quite loſt in meditation. She told me one day, that though ſhe had always loved God, ſhe was now ſenſible that ſhe never had, in the degree that ſhe ought, until ſhe heard the comely eccleſiaſtic's ſermon. She owned, that her former love approached to coldneſs, when compared with what ſhe now felt; that formerly ſhe ſeldom had thought of him, except when ſhe was at her prayers, and ſometimes not even then; but now he entirely occupied her thoughts by day and night.

This young lady's mother had been for a conſiderable time in a diſtant province of

France. The daughter had always mentioned her to me in the moſt affectionate terms, regretting the cauſes which kept her ſo long abſent, and looking forward to her return as a ſource of happineſs.

My mother called one day at the convent, and informed the young lady, that her mother, finding that ſhe would be detained ſtill a conſiderable time in the country, and being impatient to ſee her, was to ſend a perſon to Paris, to accompany the young lady to the province;—that ſhe might therefore prepare for her departure within a few days.

So far from manifeſting any appearance of joy, as my mother expected, the young lady ſeemed rather afflicted at the news.

"What! are you not happy at the thoughts of returning ſo ſoon to Languedoc?" ſaid my mother.

"No," replied ſhe; "I would rather remain where I am."

"Are you not impatient to ſee your mo-

ther?—I thought you had been exceedingly fond of your mother."

"So I am very fond of her—exceedingly fond of her, that is certain: but do not imagine that I love her as I love God, for I do love him. Gracious Heaven!" cried ſhe, claſping her hands and turning up her eyes, "how I do love him!"

My mother, on farther inquiry, having diſcovered the date and occaſion of this violent paſſion, thought proper to remove me from the convent that very evening, and to ſend the young lady to her parents, at Languedoc, a few days after.

Though my mother was ſolicitous to lower that ſpecies of exultation on certain ſubjects, which my fancy had acquired in the nunnery, yet ſhe was ſenſible that every attempt of that ſort was to be managed with delicacy; for, as ſhe afterwards informed me, ſhe had heard a girl of twelve years of age, who after the death of her parents had been boarded in a convent, tell her guardian, a

man of piety and literature, on his explaining ſome religious article differently from the ſenſe in which ſhe underſtood it, "that in all points which concerned her ſalvation ſhe would adhere to her own opinion; in other matters, of leſs importance, ſhe would endeavour to ſhow due deference to his."

If my mother had abruptly oppoſed certain notions which I carried with me from the convent, and have ſince renounced, I am by no means certain that I ſhould not have made ſome ſuch anſwer as that of this ſelf-ſufficient girl; and if my opinion had been violently attacked, my prejudice in its favour would probably have increaſed by mere dint of defending it.

[Having again apologiſed to the marchioneſs for my interruption, and thanked her for her complaiſance, ſhe proceeded in her narrative.]

The ſtyle in which my mother lived, after the death of my father, might have been called retired, when compared with what it

had been before: yet ſhe ſtill cultivated a ſelect circle of acquaintance. As ſhe was paſſionately fond of muſic, ſhe went ſometimes to the opera, and attended private concerts ſtill oftener: ſhe alſo carried me with her, on a few occaſions, to what is properly called the *Théatre Françaiſe*. During my father's life-time ſhe attended the court aſſiduouſly; after his death ſhe very ſeldom went, unleſs on public occaſions; though ſhe continued to ſee the princeſs Elizabeth as often as that virtuous princeſs, who had a great eſteem for my mother, ſignified a deſire that ſhe ſhould go to Verſailles.

As I was an only child, and heireſs to my mother's fortune, it will not ſurpriſe you that I had lovers. Several gentlemen aſked her permiſſion to pay me their addreſſes: none of them intereſted me; and ſhe put an end to their ſuits, one after another, without expreſſing either approbation or diſapprobation of my indifference. She wiſhed to obſerve how I was myſelf inclined, without interfer-

ing before it was neceſſary. At laſt, a man of higher name, and more illuſtriouſly connected than any who had addreſſed me hitherto, declared his paſſion for me: he was handſome, genteel in his perſon, and related to a young lady for whom I had conceived a friendſhip. Though I heard his declaration with more ſatisfaction than I had liſtened to any language of the ſame kind before, yet I *ſeemed* to treat it as common-place compliment; and when he was about to enforce it with new proteſtations, he was interrupted by ſome company that joined us.

I do not know why I did not inform my mother of this; perhaps I thought it more becoming that *he* ſhould ſpeak to her in the firſt place; perhaps I was a little afraid ſhe might not approve: the truth is, I did not mention it when I had an opportunity; and the omiſſion did not proceed from forgetfulneſs.

When he repeated his former declaration to me, I anſwered, "that I never liſtened

to language of that nature from any man without the approbation of my mother."

He ſoon found an opportunity of explaining himſelf to her. She was better acquainted with this perſon's character than I was, and did not at all approve of his propoſal. She ſaid to him, however, "that much would depend on myſelf, and that ſhe would talk to me on the ſubject."

Having conſtrued what I laſt ſaid to him as an acquieſcence, he told my mother that he had already obtained *my* conſent, and now only needed hers.

At this my mother expreſſed ſurpriſe, and repeated, that ſhe would ſpeak with me.

The only time I ever ſaw any thing like reſerve, in my dear mother's behaviour towards me, or any expreſſion but that of fondneſs in her eyes, when directed to me, was when I firſt met her after her interview with this man, who I ſhall call by the name of Count; not wiſhing to diſtinguiſh him more particularly, out of regard to his family.

I had been out in the carriage with a lady, his relation, when he had called on my mother. We returned together to dinner.

Other company came after dinner; ſo that ſhe had no opportunity of ſpeaking with me till all had withdrawn.

The alteration in my mother's manner affected me ſo much, that the lady ſaid—"What can be the matter with you, my dear; you were all cheerfulneſs while we were abroad, and now you ſeem quite ſorrowful!" I anſwered—"I was not very well;" but begged ſhe would take no notice of it, leſt it ſhould make my mother uneaſy.

As ſoon as the company were gone, my mother withdrew to her own apartment. I followed: my bed-chamber was adjoining to hers. She diſmiſſed her maid as well as mine, who attended to undreſs us, ſaying ſhe would ring when ſhe needed them.

Burſting into tears as ſoon as they were gone—"Ah! my dear mother, I fear you are diſpleaſed with me."

"Indeed, Adelaide," ſaid ſhe, "I am."

"Though convinced, from your behaviour, that I have done ſomething wrong, yet I am unconſcious what it is."

"Do you pretend not to be ſenſible," reſumed ſhe, "that I have reaſon to be offended?"

"I *pretend* nothing," replied I; "I believe I muſt have acted improperly, but I am not ſenſible in what; pray inform me, that I may undo it directly."

"Can you perceive no impropriety in aſſenting to the addreſſes of the Count, without conſulting me?"

"I aſſented to nothing. On the contrary, I told him, "That I could liſten to no man's addreſſes without your approbation."

"Even that was a kind of implication," ſaid ſhe, "that you would be pleaſed with his addreſſes if I ſhould approve."

"Was it not alſo an implication, my deareſt madam, that I ſhould never more liſten to them if you ſhould *not* approve?"

"He might not ſee that ſo clearly," ſhe replied.

"He ſhall find it, however," ſaid I.

"The Count told me that he had obtained your conſent," continued my mother.

"In that he told a falſehood," ſaid I; "for my anſwer was what I have already mentioned, and nothing elſe."

"You muſt be ſenſible," reſumed my mother, "that your happineſs, my dear, is the object neareſt my heart."

"I am fully perſuaded of it," I anſwered.

"Do you really wiſh, then, that I ſhould conſent to your being the wife of this man?"

"I ſhall never wiſh that you ſhould conſent to what you do not approve."

"The birth of the Count, his ſplendid connexions, his external appearance, perhaps, may have influenced you a little in his favour."

"If ever thoſe circumſtances had any influence with me in his favour, they now weigh againſt him."

"How ſo?"

"Becauſe," replied I, "as it is evident you do not approve of him, I am convinced that you have ſome objection which outweighs all thoſe advantages."

"Indeed, my dear, I have," ſaid ſhe with fervour; "and my objection is, that I have the ſtrongeſt reaſon for thinking that he has a wicked heart. Heaven forbid, that all the rank, that all the riches, or any thing elſe which this world can beſtow, ſhould ever prevail on me to ally my child with vice!"

She afterwards told me, that ſhe was informed of the real character of the Count, partly from thoſe who had known him from his childhood, and partly from certain adventures of his, which ſhe had accidentally come to the knowledge of, though unknown to the public, and of which he himſelf was ignorant that ſhe was acquainted. She aſſured me that he was devoid of principle, haughty, overbearing, and addicted to mean company, from

a love of that adulation which ſuch only can beſtow.

Of the haughtineſs of the Count I had a pretty ſtrong proof the following day, when he called and found me alone.

I ſignified to him, in the moſt polite terms I could, that I declined the propoſal he had done me the honour to make.

"What!" ſaid he, "your mother diſapproves of me, then?"

"I have not mentioned my mother, ſir," ſaid I; "but I have informed you of my own ſentiments."

"I plainly perceive," ſaid he, frowning, "that this comes from your mother."

"Yet," replied I, piqued at his inſolent manner, "I cannot ſee any thing wonderful or unnatural in ſuppoſing it to come entirely from myſelf."

My mother entered the room at this moment——

"I underſtood," ſaid he, "madam, that

the propoſal I made to you would depend on your daughter's own deciſion."

"I am happy to find," ſaid ſhe, "that my daughter and I think in the ſame way."

"You will permit me, madam," ſaid he, "to have ſome ſmall doubt on that head."

"Pray, ſir, on what is your doubt founded?"

"On this, madam; that it is more probable that I may not hit the fancy of an *old* woman than of a young one."

Having pronounced this inſolent ſpeech, he withdrew, with an air of arrogance.

This behaviour bears more reſemblance to the manners of the rudeſt people of Europe, than to what might be expected from a man of rank, in a country diſtinguiſhed for politeneſs, before all traces of politeneſs, as well as of humanity, were baniſhed from the nation. I have heard it remarked, however, by ſome who have had opportunities of comparing the characters of the various nations of Europe, that though Frenchmen were more

polite than their neighbours by art, yet they were leſs ſo by nature, owing to an impetuoſity of temperament, which, on the ſhadow of provocation, makes them forget reſtraints of every kind, and hurries into imprudencies and difficulties, from which even ſubmiſſion and adulation cannot extricate them. The Count furniſhed an example of this. A few days after his inſolence to my mother, he wrote her a penitential letter, acknowledging the impertinence of his behaviour, begging her pardon in the humbleſt manner, and expreſſing his hopes that ſhe would allow him to renew his addreſſes, and to endeavour to efface the bad impreſſion which his fooliſh and inſolent conduct muſt have made on me.

He alſo prevailed on ſome of his relations to plead his cauſe with my mother; and though he had every reaſon to believe that, after what had paſſed, all would be without ſucceſs, yet, when he found that we perſevered in the ſentiments already expreſſed, he

ſtormed and raged as if it had been a freſh injury.

Soon after this, monſieur le marquis de M—— was introduced into the ſociety my mother moſt frequented. I had many opportunities of meeting and converſing with him. He was endowed with every thing which could render him attractive to woman, except fortune: that was preciſely what I laid the leaſt ſtreſs upon. It is not ſurpriſing, therefore, that he made a ſtrong impreſſion on my heart; and it was with the utmoſt ſatisfaction that I perceived, in ſpite of the pains he took to conceal it, that I had made the ſame on his. On his part, however, he had no ſuſpicion of my partiality for him. As I am certain, that in other matters monſieur de M—— has more penetration than I can boaſt, I conclude that, in this particular buſineſs of love, women are generally quicker-ſighted than men. What confirms me in this opinion is, that my mother diſcovered not only his paſſion for me, but alſo my partiality for him, long before

he had any idea of it himſelf. In conſequence of this obſervation, without relying on the favourable notion ſhe had of him, ſhe made minute inquiry, from thoſe who had been acquainted with him from his infancy, concerning his diſpoſition, temper, particular habits, and propenſities; and, having received ſatisfactory information on thoſe points, ſhe ſuddenly ſaid to me, one forenoon, when I was in a kind of reverie—"Pray, Adelaide, what do you think of monſieur de M——?"

As monſieur de M—— was the very man I was thinking of, the abruptneſs of this queſtion made me ſtart, and afterwards bluſh, as if I had been detected in a crime; for I knew that he was a younger brother, and had little or no fortune; and I was by no means convinced that my mother would put as little ſtreſs on that article as I did. Indeed I had been ſo much accuſtomed to hear myſelf ſpoken of as an heireſs, and entitled to marry a man of fortune as well as birth, that I laid my account with being univerſally cenſured,

"But you ſeem to think," replied I, aſſuming courage, "that he has every other good quality."

"They would not be ſufficient to ſcreen you from a thouſand mortifications and diſtreſſes; unleſs," added my mother, ſeeing me turn pale, "unleſs you had that neceſſary article, in which alone he is deficient; but, as you are ſufficiently provided in that, if you have as high an opinion of him as I have, you ſhall have my conſent to liſten to his addreſſes, and to give him the anſwer your heart dictates."

I threw myſelf into my mother's arms with all the rapture of filial fondneſs and gratitude.

[Here I could not help interrupting the marchioneſs with the exclamation—"What a delightful woman has your mother been!"]

"Ah! Miſs Clifford, ſhe was an angel," cried ſhe—"My guardian angel, aſſuredly.—But, heavenly powers! where was hers, when

—— O let me not think on that dreadful ſcene!"

The marchioneſs continued ſhedding tears, and unable to proceed for a conſiderable time. I did not interrupt her. She at length dried her eyes, ſaying, "Why do I lament the fate of one in heaven?" And, after another pauſe, during which ſhe ſeemed loſt in reflection, ſhe exclaimed, "O what miſery has my poor country endured! France is a real purgatory. What many of the inhabitants have ſuffered in this world will be conſidered, I hope, as expiatory in the next." Then, fixing me, ſhe added—"But the Engliſh do not believe in purgatory?"

"Some of them do," I anſwered, "others do not."

"Why do they not all believe it?" reſumed ſhe. "I am ſurpriſed, my dear Miſs Clifford, that *you* do not.—What reaſon have you for doubting it?"

"Nay, my dear madam," replied I: "it

as well as our own; that, however different or oppoſite they may be, they proceed from the ſame cauſe, and therefore ought not to be a ſource of hatred or perſecution."

The marchioneſs agreed very readily to the inference; but inſiſted, that "though the foundation was generally laid in the ſame manner, yet the ground on which ſome religions ſtood, and the materials of which they were compoſed, might be more ſolid and more genuine than thoſe of others; and *that* which had ſtood the longeſt, in ſpite of a thouſand ſtorms and tempeſts, was, in her opinion, the moſt ſecure."

To this I made no anſwer; but I begged the marchioneſs to reſume her narrative, which ſhe did in the following terms.]

Soon after the ſcene between my mother and me, which I have already deſcribed, monſieur de M—— paid his addreſſes, and the ceremony of our marriage followed at no great diſtance of time.

The happineſs which we enjoyed, during

the ſhort period in which we lived together, I imagine, has been ſeldom equalled, and never ſurpaſſed, in this world. One ſource of enjoyment to us both was to be witneſſes to the ſatisfaction of my mother, who, delighted with the manner in which ſhe ſaw us live together, thanked Heaven every day, that, in her daughter's marriage, ſhe had paid more attention to the character than the fortune of her huſband.—"Ah! my Adelaide," would ſhe ſometimes ſay, on contemplating the mutual eſteem and affection that exiſted between us, "what a poor compenſation would any quantity of additional wealth be to you for having miſſed the felicity you now enjoy!"

The happy period I ſpeak of was immediately previous to the revolution. Monſieur de M—— is a man of benevolence, a lover of juſtice, and one who feels a ſtrong ſentiment of indignation at every act of oppreſſion. He was ſenſible of certain abuſes in government, and often regretted the ſufferings of the poor, particularly the peaſantry, who were more

expoſed than others to oppreſſion, and whoſe comforts, when they taſte them, depended, in his opinion, more on the generoſity of their lords than on the protection of the laws. Notwithſtanding the rank to which he was born, and that his expectations in life had been founded on court-favour, he ſaw the beginnings of the revolution with ſatisfaction, from the hopes that ſuch reformation would be adopted as would equally tend to the ſafety of the monarchy and the happineſs of the people. He ſoon, however, began to be alarmed at the violence of ſome of the popular leaders, and was every day more ſhocked at their proceedings. In the progreſs of events, many of his friends, and ſome of his relations, emigrated: they wrote, urging him to the ſame meaſure. It was even ſtated, that his not joining thoſe of his countrymen, who were aſſembling at Coblentz, would be conſtrued into diſloyalty or timidity.

He ſpoke to me on the ſubject. For my part, I had never thought on politics or go-

vernment in my life; they were topics I abhorred at that particular time more than ever, becauſe of the everlaſting diſcuſſions I had for ſome time heard, in all companies, upon them. When my huſband approved of the revolution I adopted his ſentiments, becauſe they were his, being fully perſuaded that he was a better judge than I. When he changed his opinion I changed mine, for the ſame reaſon I had before adopted it. Subſequent events have well confirmed me in my new way of thinking.

Seeing the king and the royal family abandoned by the greater part of the nobility, who had fled from France, and willing to believe that ſomething might be ſtill done, within the kingdom, in ſupport of the monarchy, my huſband was unwilling to emigrate. He received many reproaching letters from his relations on that account. As if the loſs of rank and fortune, with the neceſſity of ſeeking refuge and protection from ſtrangers, was not calamity enough to the emigrants from

my unhappy country, they augment the bitterneſs of their own condition by reciprocal animoſities. The declared enemies of the emigrants have not treated the whole claſs with leſs candor than the different deſcriptions of them have done each other.

Unable any longer to reſiſt the ſolicitations of ſome of his friends, my huſband determined to withdraw from France, and join the army under the command of the prince of Condé. I had obſerved him for ſome days uncommonly thoughtful; but as I knew that he concealed nothing from me that he did not think improper to be communicated, though I was extremely uneaſy on account of his preſent reſerve, I abſtained from all inquiries, and betrayed no ſymptom of curioſity to know what he ſeemed inclined to keep me ignorant of.

He at laſt ſaid to me one day, after a pretty long ſilence, and after ſeveral ſighs which he endeavoured in vain to ſuppreſs—" When you married a ſoldier, my dear Adelaide, you

no doubt laid your account with occaſional ſeparation, when the voice of honour, or the duties of his profeſſion, called him from you."

I took hold of his hand, but was unable to ſpeak.

He then proceeded to acquaint me with the reſolution he had formed; that it was in conſequence of the advice of his friends, and of very ſerious reflection on his own part, that in fighting under the banners of the prince of Condé, in the preſent cauſe, he thought he was ſerving not only his king, but his country.

I will not attempt to deſcribe what paſſed from this time until his departure: I muſt only inform you that my mother was in ill health at that period; ſo that it would have been cruel in me to have ſeparated myſelf from her had it been my inclination.

It is alſo neceſſary that I ſhould inform you that the Count was a relation of the archbiſhop of Sens; that, during the agitations in France, for ſome time before the revolution actually

began, and particularly while the archbiſhop was prime-miniſter, the Count was one of the moſt furious againſt any kind of conceſſion on the part of government, or the leaſt redreſs of any of the grievances complained of: at that time he expected power and eminent ſituations, from a confirmation of the old ſyſtem, with all its abuſes. He declared that nothing ought to be granted to the *canaille*; and he conſidered nine-tenths of the nation as *canaille*.

After the archbiſhop was obliged to quit the helm, the Count began to change his language. This alteration was more and more remarkable in the progreſs of the revolution, until at laſt the change was ſo complete, that thoſe whom he had formerly ſtigmatiſed as *canaille* he now diſtinguiſhed by the title of *peuple ſouverain*. He altered his dreſs as well as his language, and aſſumed in both the ſtyle of the *ſans-culottes*; became a declaimer in the Jacobine ſociety, and cultivated the acquaintance of one Collot d'Herbois, who, from a

deſpicable comedian, now affected the tone of a diſintereſted patriot, and has ſince rendered his obſcure name infamous by crimes of the deepeſt die. By this fellow the Count was introduced to the good graces of Robeſpierre.

Though every kind of profligacy might be expected in a character ſuch as I have repreſented the Count's, yet you, my dear Miſs Clifford, who are of a country where, as I have been told, nothing of the ſame nature ever takes place, muſt be ſurpriſed at ſuch barefaced apoſtacy in politics. Though an eſſential change of circumſtances certainly will juſtify an alteration of conduct, yet, in his variations, if a man always veers to the party in power, his real motive will be clearly ſeen; and, in England, ſuch a man would be deſpiſed, however elevated the ſituation in which he might be placed. It was not ſo at this time in France: to ſuch a height had this ſpecies of profligacy attained, that no inconſiſtency of this nature was thought diſgrace-

ful; and ſome of the meaneſt of mankind were praiſed and applauded, while in power, without any regard to the baſeneſs by which they attained it.

The Count had formerly maintained that the power of the crown was too ſmall, and ought to be enlarged; yet, when he ſaw it attenuated to a mere ſhadow, and unable to ſupport its own dignity, or reward its defenders, he joined the ruffian crew who wiſhed to annihilate it altogether. There is no doubt of his having been privy to the arrangements made for the attack on the Tuileries on the 10th of Auguſt 1792; and there is great reaſon to believe that he was not ignorant of what was intended at the beginning of September following.

A ſhort time previous to that execrable period, a buſineſs of importance rendered it neceſſary for my mother to go to Havre. Her eſtate is at no great diſtance from that town. As a lady of her acquaintance and her ſteward were to accompany her, and as ſhe intended to

ſtay only a few weeks, ſhe poſitively inſiſted on my remaining with an intimate friend of hers, a moſt amiable woman, the counteſs of B——, who invited me to reſide with her at Autieul, a village near Paris, until her return.

At Havre my mother heard the firſt detail of tranſactions, the horror of which it was not in the power of rumour to exaggerate. She was of uncommon ſenſibility, and ſubject to nervous complaints; ſhe was ſeized with repeated fits of a convulſive nature; even when ſhe had recovered from theſe, her mind continued unuſually agitated. Hearing of an Engliſh veſſel about to ſail, without acquainting any other perſon, attended by her maid only, ſhe took her paſſage; and the counteſs of B—— knew nothing of her departure till ſhe received a letter from the maid, dated Portſmouth. My mother herſelf was unable to write. She was for ſome time attended by a phyſician there. An Engliſh nobleman, of the higheſt rank, whoſe country reſidence is

at no great diſtance from Portſmouth, and who had been acquainted with her at Paris, hearing of the condition ſhe was in, came to that place, and carried hr to his own houſe, where, all poſſible care being taken of her, ſhe entirely recovered. In the mean time the moſt unjuſt decrees were propoſed in the furious convention againſt emigrants. My mother's friends, particularly the princeſs of P——, and the counteſs of B——, wrote preſſing letters for her to return before a certain day, otherwiſe, by a ſevere decree which had now paſſed, her eſtate would be forfeited.—She reſolved to return accordingly: but being again taken ill at Portſmouth, ſhe was confined to her bed a conſiderable time, and the day fixed for the return of the emigrants elapſed before ſhe arrived in France.

When it was firſt propoſed in the convention that my mother's name ſhould be eraſed from the liſt of emigrants, a violent outcry was raiſed againſt it by that party called the Mountain: no explanation was liſtened to; it

was reprobated as an attempt of ſhameful partiality to a perſon of quality, which none but ariſtocrats and royaliſts could make.

Pains, however, were taken privately to explain the circumſtances of the caſe to certain leading men of the Gironde party; one of whom renewed the propoſal, when the convention were in a leſs malignant humour. He began by ſaying, that "he wiſhed to make a motion, which, if it was not carried, would materially injure many worthy patriots and virtuous *ſans-culottes*, who were in ſimilar or leſs favourable circumſtances than thoſe of the perſon in whoſe behalf he was about to implore the juſtice of the convention; for he knew that they were no reſpecters of perſons in the diſtribution of juſtice; but, in conformity to the motto of *égalité*, which they had adopted, would uſe the ſame weight and meaſure to all deſcriptions of people."

After a few circuitous flouriſhes of this kind, before he diſcovered his object, he recapitulated the circumſtances of my mother's

caſe, and did not name her until the whole aſſembly was convinced that ſhe had been prevented by illneſs alone from arriving in France before the day appointed, by the decree, for the return of thoſe French who happened to be out of their native country. There was a loud cry in favour of what was demanded; no member of the Mountain ventured to oppoſe; and it was as unanimouſly decreed to eraſe her name from the liſt of emigrants, as it had, a few days before, been decreed to inſert it.

My mother remained in poſſeſſion of her eſtate.

Though I hated the republican principles of the Girondiſts, yet I never put them on a footing with the ſanguinary faction denominated the Mountain. Ever after this period my mother felt a ſtrong ſenſe of obligation to certain leaders of the former party: among thoſe attached to which were ſome men of great eloquence and very conſiderable talents, and two of the moſt extraordinary women

that France has produced ſince the days of Joan d'Arc.

In the moſt dreadful ſituations, ſurrounded by all that could appal or depreſs the human mind, ancient or modern annals exhibit nothing ſurpaſſing the firmneſs and heroic elevation of ſoul with which madame Roland and the aſtoniſhing Charlotte Cordé met death.

The united energy of Robeſpierre and Danton had overturned the party of the Gironde; and thoſe two traitors were at the head of the atrocious gang who domineered over my unhappy country. Each wiſhed to be the ſupreme ruler; which neither could be, without the death of the other; of courſe, each meditated the deſtruction of his aſſociate.

Their reciprocal enmity became more and more apparent; and men began to arrange themſelves under thoſe two chiefs, in expectation of the conteſt which ſoon after took place.

Camille Deſmoulins, whoſe name you muſt have heard, as one of the earlieſt promoters

of the commotions in Paris, was an acquaintance of the Count. Deſmoulins was alſo a writer in favour of the revolution: a vein of pleaſantry runs through his works, which might have been agreeable on any other ſubject; but all kind of jocularity appears hideous, amidſt ſcenes of atrocity and murder. The Count had been confined above a month, on account of ill health, to a villa belonging to him in the neighbourhood of Paris.

Deſmoulins viſited him oftener than uſual, becauſe he was then in low ſpirits, and deprived of other entertainment. Deſmoulins was particularly attached, at this time, to the faction of Danton. He convinced the Count that Robeſpierre had diſguſted the moſt powerful friends of the republic; that he was loſing his popularity daily; that he would be removed ſoon; and that Danton would be all-powerful.

With ſuch impreſſions, the Count became extremely vexed that he ſhould be conſidered as the partiſan of a man ſo near his fall; and

equally anxious to declare himſelf the friend of one riſing to ſupreme power, he wiſhed to have the merit of declaring for the latter before that event ſhould take place; for which purpoſe he wrote the following epiſtle, which he intended to give to Deſmoulins at his next viſit, that he might deliver it to Danton.

" CITIZEN DANTON,

" I HAVE for ſome time viewed, with the utmoſt concern, the dangers to which the republic is expoſed, by the execrable conduct of a madman. I know no perſon ſo able to ſecure to the nation all the advantages expected from the revolution as he who planned the victory on the glorious 10th of Auguſt, and the deciſive tranſactions in the beginning of September following. Your patriotiſm, and the energy of your character, fix the hopes of all enlightened Frenchmen on you: from you they expect a termination of the preſent diſorders, and of the power of a furious tyrant. The ſooner you adopt meaſures

for thoſe purpoſes the better; for, while that monſter lives, neither your own life, nor that of any of your friends, can be ſafe:—I beg you will count me among the moſt ſincere of that honourable claſs. I am infinitely concerned that ill health renders it impoſſible for me to give you theſe aſſurances by word of mouth, and aſſiſting perſonally in whatever you may think proper to undertake. In the mean while depend on all my influence, and believe me to be your devoted friend, &c."

" ——————."

The Count expected Camille Deſmoulins the morning after he had written the above; his old intimate, Collot d'Herbois, called that very evening; he had been abſent from Paris on ſome of his horrid expeditions. Seeing a letter on the table in the Count's hand, addreſſed to Danton, he ſtarted.

" What is the matter?" ſaid the Count.

" Do you correſpond with that man?" ſaid d'Herbois.

"It is the firſt letter I ever wrote to him," replied the Count.

Collot d'Herbois then told him, that he began his correſpondence at rather an unlucky time; and hinted, that if the letter was not of very great importance, he had beſt delay ſending it, becauſe he might ſoon have reaſon to wiſh that he were not known to have any particular connection with Danton.

The Count owned that the letter was of the utmoſt importance; and, to convince him, broke up the cover and read the contents.

D'Herbois then aſſured him, "that he had been drawn into an error, which might have had fatal conſequences to him; and that Robeſpierre was ſurer of maintaining his power now than ever."

On which the Count obſerved, "that, in ſuch ſlippery times, the moſt cautious people were at a loſs to know with what party, or what man, to fix themſelves; that, for his

own part, he had always had as much reſpect for Robeſpierre as for Danton; and that, after what he had juſt heard, he could not help having a great deal more: that the letter he had intended for Danton would do for Robeſpierre—that he would not need to change a ſingle ſentence, but merely put it under a new cover, with a new addreſs; and he begged of his friend to deliver it the very next day: only it would be firſt of all neceſſary to eraſe the name Danton at the top, and ſubſtitute that of Robeſpierre."

Collot d'Herbois objected to the eraſure, ſaying, "it would have an aukward appearance if obſerved, and might create ſuſpicion:" he therefore prevailed on the Count to write the letter anew, and to addreſs it to Citizen *Maximilian Robeſpierre*, and not ſimply to Citizen Robeſpierre. "Great men," added Collot d'Herbois, "are ſubject to weakneſſes as well as little men; and Robeſpierre himſelf, though entirely free from many of the weakneſſes of humanity, certainly does feel ſomething flat-

tering to his ear, and which he thinks ſuitable to his character, in the name Maximilian; and therefore likes to have it always precede his ſirname Robeſpierre, which I believe he intends, at a proper time, to drop altogether."

"Will not that have an ariſtocratic appearance?" ſaid the Count.

"Why, perhaps it may," replied Collot d'Herbois, with a grin, for his ſtern features did not admit a ſmile; "perhaps it may have that appearance; for nothing is ſo like an ariſtocrat, as a democrat, when he comes into power; as nothing is liker a democrat than an ariſtocrat thrown out of power: but this is only external appearance; the heart is always the ſame. For example, my dear Count, you are preciſely the ſame man you were when your relation, the archbiſhop of Sens, was prime-miniſter."

Without making any reply to this ironical compliment, the Count finiſhed the new edition of the letter, as Collot d'Herbois had

directed: he then ſtepped for two minutes into another room, and at his return looked for the original letter, that he might burn it. This his friend informed him he had already done during his abſence; aſſuring him, at the ſame time, that he would deliver the new one to Robeſpierre the next morning.

All the circumſtances of this important interview between thoſe two loving friends, with many others reſpecting the Count, I learned afterwards from a perſon from whom he concealed nothing: for though many tranſactions of this man's life were of a nature to require ſecrecy, yet he was incapable of it. To him it was like an abſolute neceſſary of life to have ſome man or woman into whoſe ears he might pour whatever was dangerous to utter in public, and painful for him to retain.

Soon after this the prediction of Collot d'Herbois was verified; the furious Danton was enſnared, impriſoned, and put to death, by the man whoſe life he had ſaved, when he

was accuſed, and about to be proſecuted by the Gironde.

Robeſpierre, from this period, was all-powerful: the dreadful uſe he made of his power all the world knows. My mother and I lived in great privacy, hardly ever going out of the houſe, and receiving few or no company. Melancholy and dejected through the day, our ſhort ſlumbers interrupted in the night by the ſound of the drum and alarm-bell; afraid to aſk the news in the morning, leſt we ſhould hear of the arreſtment of ſome friend or relation, and ſhocked with the accounts we daily received of freſh victims of cruelty, ſhe determined, at length, to withdraw from Paris, and endeavour to find tranquillity in a diſtant province of France.

She applied for paſſports with this intention: every thing was prepared for our journey. The paſſports were poſtponed, on I do not remember what pretence. We were at laſt aſſured that they would be delivered

the following morning, and on that aſſurance went to bed in more compoſure of mind than uſual.

About two hours before our common hour of riſing, we were alarmed by a loud knocking at the gate of the hotel. Two municipal officers were admitted, and a party of national guards remained in the court.

As ſoon as my mother was dreſſed, and could go into the room in which the two officers waited, one of them preſented an order for ſeiſing her papers, and carrying her to one of thoſe houſes of confinement, of which there were many at that time in Paris, and all over France.

The number of my mother's friends and acquaintance who were in this ſituation had ſuggeſted precaution, and prevented her from being entirely unprepared for this cruel incident: ſhe had nothing to dread, therefore, with regard to the examination of her papers. The officer informed her, that ſhe was ordered into confinement only as a perſon ſuſpected;

that the order did not extend to me. This intelligence acted on her as a cordial: it evidently raiſed her ſpirits, and removed great part of her alarm. The daily executions, and other ſhocking occurrences, had produced an extraordinary change on my mother's conſtitution: it had familiariſed her with the idea of death, and greatly diminiſhed that nervous ſenſibility to which ſhe had formerly been ſubject. Her own perſonal danger affected her little; but, whatever threatened me, ſtill gave her alarm.

I begged of the officer that I might be my mother's companion in priſon: the man at firſt objected.

I ſunk on my knees, ſeiſed his hand, and intreated that I might not be ſeparated from my mother.

She was hurt at this; and ſaid, with the tone of indignation—"Riſe, my daughter; though we are unfortunate, let us not be abject."

I repeated my requeſt to the officer, the

tears ſtreaming from my eyes. The man was moved; and at laſt ſaid—"That if it was alſo my mother's deſire, he would take it upon him to indulge us."

Without paying attention to what my mother had ſaid, I preſſed the man's hand to my lips with a heart overflowing with gratitude.

Notwithſtanding her having at firſt determined otherwiſe, ſeeing the ſtate of my mind, ſhe joined in the requeſt, and we were conducted to the place deſtined for our confinement.

[I will not hurt your ſenſibility, my dear miſs Clifford, by a deſcription of this houſe of ſorrow, or of any of the many affecting ſcenes I witneſſed there; but I will give you ſome account of a kind of examination which took place about three months after my mother was confined, becauſe it proves how completely ſhe was cured of her conſtitutional timidity, by a continued contemplation of certain objects, the leaſt glance of which

would formerly have thrown her into convulsions.]

We were at breakfaſt, one morning, when my mother was ſummoned to appear before three commiſſioners, who had arrived at the place of our confinement, authoriſed to examine the priſoners, and report to a committee.

I became pale, and was ready to faint.—"What is there alarming in this, my dear?" ſaid my mother; "it is what we have long expected, and even wiſhed. What I had moſt to fear was, leſt the circumſtances of my caſe would never have been examined into."

At my earneſt requeſt, I was permitted to accompany my mother. We were conducted into a large room, where the three commiſſioners ſat at the head of a table. I was a good deal ſurpriſed when I recogniſed, in one of them, the perſon who had taught me to dance. This tended to diminiſh my terror;

for, although I had heard that the man had become a furious patriot, and knew that he was much of a coxcomb, yet I alſo knew that he had a very benevolent heart.

He that was the chief of this commiſſion, with leſs levity, had all the abſurdity of the dancing-maſter, and was the complete dupe of the hypocriſy and of the falſehoods at this time propagated by Robeſpierre.

The man began the examination by expreſſing concern at the cauſe of my mother's confinement.

She thanked him, adding, "that ſhe was concerned at the effect, but that ſhe had not yet been informed of the cauſe."

"I thought you had been told, citizen," replied he, "that you were under ſuſpicion of being a ſuſpected perſon."

"I was ſo, *citizen*," replied ſhe; "but I never have been told what I am under the ſuſpicion of being ſuſpected of."

"To be ſuſpected is ſufficient," ſaid he;

ever, was unlucky, and will be of no ſervice to you now," ſaid the chief commiſſioner.

"It ought at leaſt to do me no harm," ſaid ſhe.

"The Girondiſts were all traitors," reſumed the commiſſioner.

"I am ſorry for it," ſaid my mother.

"What! ſorry for the Girondiſts."

"I am ſorry they were traitors."

"You have reaſon, citizen," ſaid the firſt commiſſioner; "for it is a very dangerous thing, citizen, to have had traitors for your friends."

"It ought not; ſince it is clear that I had no ſhare in their treaſon."

"Do you not know that thoſe traitors, the Girondiſts, intended to reſtore monarchy?"

"No," replied ſhe; "I really do not know it."

"No!" exclaimed he—"Why all France knows it."

"Since that was their intention," rejoined

my mother, "dethroning the king ſeems to have been a round-about way of going to their object."

"They were forced into that meaſure," ſaid he, "and can claim little merit from it."

"Very little, indeed," added my mother.

"But their deſign was afterwards apparent, by the various attempts they made to ſave the tyrant."

"Tyrant!" exclaimed my mother, throwing her eyes upwards.

"Yes," re-echoed the commiſſioner, "a bloody tyrant! who gave poſitive orders to the Swiſs to ſlaughter the innocent citizens on the 10th of Auguſt."

"The ſame Girondiſts," continued he, "were equally diſpoſed to have ſaved the life of the queen, who was of a more bloody and tyrannical diſpoſition, if poſſible, than Capet himſelf."

"They were both very bloody-minded tyrants, that is clear," rejoined the other com-

miſſioner, who had not before ſpoken, ſhaking his head and looking to his brother.

"And the princeſs Elizabeth!" exclaimed my mother—"ſhe was alſo a bloody-minded tyrant—Was ſhe not?"

The commiſſioner ſtared.

"Or, what was her crime?" reſumed my mother, with an animation of look approaching to wildneſs.

The commiſſioner looked firſt at one, then at the other, of his brethren.

He who had ſpoken laſt ſaid that "Elizabeth was certainly ſuſpected of being an enemy to the revolution."

"She certainly was," added the chief commiſſioner." And then looking to the dancing maſter, he added—"Did not you tell me, brother, that one who attended in the Temple informed you that he had overheard her praying very fervently, and that her prayers were anti-revolutionary?"

"It was you that ſaid they were anti-revolutionary," replied the dancing-maſter.—

"I only told you that the man had ſaid ſhe was overheard praying for the *reformation* of the king's enemies."

The two commiſſioners looked at each other without ſpeaking.

The perſon who ſat at the bottom of the table, and acted as clerk, had formerly been a prieſt, and had diſtinguiſhed himſelf as a caſuiſt: he now opened his mouth for the firſt time, and ſaid, with a ſolemn tone, "By *reformation* ſhe meant *deſtruction*."

"Ay, ſhe certainly meant deſtruction," rejoined the firſt commiſſioner.

"And if the prayer ſhould ever be granted," returned the clerk, "it is more likely to be according to the *meaning* than the expreſſion of the petition."

"Moſt aſſuredly," ſaid the chief commiſſioner.

"And you will be pleaſed to obſerve," added the clerk, "that ſuch prayers being granted, according to the meaning of the petitioner, involves the deſtruction of the repub-

lic: its beſt defenders would, according to her prayer, be cut off like the great Marat; for, by the king's enemies, ſhe muſt have undoubtedly meant Robeſpierre, and many other patriots, all perfectly known to him to whom the prayers were addreſſed."

"Moſt aſſuredly," repeated the commiſſioner.

"It follows, therefore, as a neceſſary conſequence, that the princeſs Elizabeth's prayers were anti-revolutionary," continued the caſuiſt, "and might have been the cauſe of overſetting the revolution: and to overſet the revolution by dint of prayers is juſt as treaſonable as by any other means: for, when the revolution is overſet, where is the difference?"

"None! none!" exclaimed the commiſſioner.

"That being the caſe," ſaid the clerk, "it is clear that the princeſs Elizabeth was a bloody-minded tyrant, and merited death."

"Ah! the monſter," ſaid my mother.

The dancing-maſter was the only one of the commiſſioners who heard this expreſſion, which was almoſt drowned by a profound ſigh, and by my mother's burſting into tears as ſhe uttered it.

This man underſtood ſome of her anſwers better than his brethren, and had been uneaſy during the examination, leſt ſhe ſhould ſay ſomething that would increaſe the danger of her ſituation: to prevent which he roſe, ſaying "that the priſoner ſeemed indiſpoſed, and that he imagined no other queſtions needed be put to her." The other commiſſioners acquieſced. My mother and I withdrew. When we were alone ſhe gave vent to the indignation ſhe had with difficulty ſuppreſſed during the examination.

My mother became ſolicitous leſt the conſtant confinement ſhould affect my health: and as my unwillingneſs to leave her hindered me from availing myſelf of the permiſſion I had of going abroad ſo often as I might, ſhe contrived to give me little commiſſions, which

required to be executed at a conſiderable diſtance, that I might derive benefit from the freſh air and the exerciſe. One day ſhe found a pretext for ſending me as far as the village of Paſſy, with a meſſage to a lady who lived in the houſe which your countryman, the celebrated Dr. Franklin, had formerly inhabited.

During my abſence, the Count, for the firſt time ſince her confinement, called on my mother. He affected great concern, and expreſſed the moſt ardent wiſh to have it in his power to ſerve her; hinted that her greateſt danger proceeded from an idea that ſhe had been intimately connected with, and favoured by, the Gironde party; that he had been uſing all his influence with the committee of Public Safety to prevent the effect of that idea; and that he was not without hopes of ſucceeding. She heard him with coldneſs, and expreſſed her thanks with reſerve, becauſe ſhe was ill able to diſſemble, and ſtrongly ſuſpected his profeſſions of good-will.

He then ſaid, " that, independent of her connection with an odious faction, another circumſtance prejudiced her cauſe ſtill more in the minds of the men at preſent in power; and, he was very ſorry to add, might, if not removed, endanger her life; and that was her daughter's being the wife, not only of an emigrant, but of one who ſerved under the prince of Condé."

" It ſeems quite unneceſſary to remind me of thoſe circumſtances," ſaid my mother, " ſince they cannot be altered.

" If I were not perſuaded that your influence could alter them," reſumed he, " my tenderneſs for you would have prevented my mentioning them." He then proceeded to inform her, " that it was, by the laws of the republic, abſolutely impoſſible for my huſband ever to return to France without the immediate loſs of his life; and that it was equally impoſſible for me to leave France without forfeiting the ſucceſſion to her eſtate: that thoſe two impoſſibilities rendered a divorce

highly expedient; that divorces had been at no preceding period ſo eaſily obtained as at preſent; and," added he, "to give you the moſt convincing proof, not only of my being able to obtain your acquittal and freedom, but alſo of the ſincerity of my friendſhip to you, notwithſtanding my being ſenſible that it was by your influence alone that what I am going to propoſe failed formerly, yet I now declare, that I am ſtill willing to unite my family with yours by eſpouſing your daughter, as ſoon as a divorce can be procured from her preſent huſband."

"And you expect," ſaid my mother, her eyes flaſhing with indignation, "you expect that I ſhall influence my daughter to agree to ſuch an execrable plan?"

"If you do not prefer remaining in priſon, and the forfeiture of your fortune," anſwered he.

"Know, wretch," replied ſhe, "that I would prefer the guillotine!"

"Perhaps you may in that be indulged, madam," replied he, and ruſhed out of the room.

After this my mother deſpaired of obtaining her liberty, and did all ſhe could to perſuade me to leave her to her fate. "They are determined, my dear child," ſaid ſhe, "to murder me, on ſome pretext or other; perhaps, without troubling themſelves about a pretext, they will take my life, that my eſtate may be confiſcated. You cannot prevent their cruelty; but it will be a great conſolation to me to know that you are beyond their power; I beg, therefore, that you will adopt the plan I have formed for your eſcape out of this land of horror. If, contrary to my expectation, my life ſhould be ſpared, I will find means of informing you, and we will meet when it can be done without danger: but it is a very great aggravation of my miſery to know that you remain in the power of ſuch barbarians."

Theſe, and other arguments to the ſame purpoſe, though often urged, did not prevail. I ſhould have conſidered it as ſacrilegious, and that it would put me on a footing with the barbarians ſhe execrated, to abandon my mother in ſuch circumſtances.

The name of the dancing-maſter who had acted as commiſſioner was Vilotte. In his youth he had been diſtinguiſhed for expertneſs in the practical part of his profeſſion: being now ſomewhat advanced in life, he valued himſelf moſt on the theoretical, in which alone, he ſaid, true genius conſiſted. He had invented ſeveral ballets that were much admired. Had he confined his genius to his own profeſſion it would have been better for him: but, a little after the commencement of our miſerable revolution, he turned it to politics. He ſaid "that fortune had committed a *faux-pas* in making him a dancing-maſter; and hoped, as many others did, that the revolution would raiſe him to the ſituation he thought he deſerved." He had formerly had

the higheſt reſpect for counts, marquiſes, and dukes, by whoſe protection he had acquired a comfortable independence: he now began to think that the greater part of them were devoid of talents, and unfit for the offices they held; and, what was ſtill a greater miſtake, he believed that he himſelf poſſeſſed the capacity in which they were deficient. He became an admirer of that canting enthuſiaſt Robeſpierre; he attended clubs, ſtudied political pamphlets, and declaimed againſt the abuſes of government, at the meetings of his ſection.

Moſt of Vilotte's old protectors laughed at his extravagances. My mother, who had known inſtances of his benevolence, was ſo vexed at the thought of a well-diſpoſed man rendering himſelf ridiculous, that ſhe ſent for him, told him what ſhe had heard, and gave him ſome good advice. Previous to this, Vilotte, who always ſpoke of my mother as the perſon who had firſt introduced him into genteel buſineſs, and as his principal benefac-

tor, often called at our hotel. But, after this piece of advice, we ſaw no more of him, until we were ſummoned before him in the quality of a commiſſioner.

It then appeared, that though my mother had given him credit for a little more underſtanding than he poſſeſſed, ſhe had a juſt opinion of his diſpoſition. All the political madneſs of his head did not ſuppreſs the worth of his heart. In the calamitous ſtate we now were, he had many opportunities of proving the ſincerity with which he had been attached to our family, and how deſirous he was of being of ſervice to us.

He found various pretexts of viſiting the houſe of our confinement. The *avowed* object of his viſits regarded ſome other buſineſs; but he never left the houſe without ſeeing my mother or me. By him we were aſcertained of what we had always ſuſpected, that my mother's arreſt proceeded from the Count, though he took pains to make it be believed that it originated elſewhere. But in general

the news Vilotte brought to us was of a conſolatory nature. He aſſiduouſly endeavoured to raiſe my mother's ſpirits, by hopes of being in a ſhort time ſet at liberty; and he neglected nothing that was in his power to make good the hopes he raiſed. He informed my mother that ſhe had leſs reaſon than ever to dread the Count's malice, becauſe the channel of his intereſt with Robeſpierre was through Collot d'Herbois, who was at that time abſent from Paris.

This friend of the Count was one of the moſt infamous of that infamous band who domineered at this time in France, and rendered that country odious through Europe. The rich and flouriſhing town of Lyons has particular reaſon to execrate this Collot d'Herbois, and his fellow commiſſioner Couthon. I have ſeen both theſe miſcreants. No two men could be more unlike in perſon and countenance, none more congenial in rancour and cruelty.

The former had the look of mild ingenuity.

The ſound of his voice was plaintive. He had loſt the uſe of one half of his body by a paralytic ſtroke. From the expreſſion of his countenance, from the modulation of his voice, from that ſympathy with affliction which people in high proſperity and vigorous health are too often devoid of, and which fellow-ſufferers are ſuppoſed to have in an eminent degree, Couthon was the man, among ten thouſand, to whom a perſon under the preſſure of misfortunes would have applied for relief: the moſt robuſt ſavage that ever was habituated to ſlaughter, the moſt callous inquiſitor that ever queſtioned men under the agonies of torture, was not more blood-thirſty and more unrelenting than Couthon.

There was nothing that could miſlead the judgment in the outward appearance of Collot d'Herbois—all his deceit lay in his heart. His countenance was frightful. Children ſhut their eyes, and ſcreamed at the ſight of this man. His head ſuſtained a frightful exuberance of buſhy hair, black as tar, and ſtiff as

the briſtles of a hog; his complexion was cadavarous; his features haggard; his eyes ſanguine: he looked very much like a villain and murderer; and he was a much greater villain and murderer than he looked like.

It is wonderful that one ſhould have ever thought of being an actor who diſgraced the profeſſion by his looks, by his character, and by his want of talent. It has been ſaid, that his rancour againſt the citizens of Lyons originated from their having had the good taſte to hiſs him as often as he appeared on their ſtage. Be that as it may, the barbarities exerciſed on the inhabitants of that devoted city by Couthon and Collot d'Herbois are unparalleled in the records of tyranny: their thirſt of carnage rendered them impatient of the ſlowneſs of guillotines; they projected mines of gunpowder to blow up priſoners by whole houſefuls; they pointed cannon, loaded with grape-ſhot, to tear in pieces multitudes of ——.

[I aſk pardon, my dear Miſs Clifford, I per-

ceive that I diſtreſs you. Familiariſed as I have been to ſcenes of oppreſſion and cruelty, I forget that I am ſpeaking to an Engliſh woman; an inhabitant of that happy country where no ſuch ſcenes exiſt, where the power of the crown is limited by the conſtitution, where law alone is ſupreme, and, with a commanding voice, tells the monarch as well as the people, *Thus far ſhalt thou go, and no farther*. Such is the account that my huſband has often given me of Great-Britain. I am pleaſed to believe that it is juſt; and, from ſentiments of general benevolence, as well as in gratitude for the generous reception which ſo many of my unfortunate countrymen have met with in this iſland, I do moſt ſincerely wiſh it may long continue.

I have been led aſtray by the mention of thoſe two monſters. They had returned from their bloody expedition a conſiderable time before my mother's examination; and at that particular time Collot d'Herbois had again left Paris.

I now return to my narrative.]

Our friend Vilotte was a native of Arras, a great admirer of Robeſpiere as a patriot and orator, and proud of him as a townſman. Robeſpierre's patriotiſm and eloquence were well ſuited for impoſing on that depth of underſtanding which poor Vilotte poſſeſſed. Robeſpierre ſhowed ſome attention to him in return for his admiration; and on this I relied for my mother's freedom, and I laboured to inſpire her with the ſame hope. You will be, perhaps, ſurpriſed at this, conſidering the frivolous character of Vilotte; but you cannot conceive, my dear, from what a very unpromiſing ſoil ſprigs of hope will ſhoot up in the breaſts of the unhappy: beſides, Vilotte was not now a frivolous character in our eyes; he had ſhown attachment when our other friends had ſhrunk away; and this attachment remained unlooſened by the ſpirit of party, which raged ſo univerſally, which is often ſo fatal to friendſhip, and from which Vilotte himſelf was far from being free.

This worthy creature's hopes became ſtronger every day, of which he did not fail to inform my mother: at laſt ſhe was convinced that ſhe was to be ſet at liberty within four or five days at fartheſt. She wrote to ſeveral of her friends and relations, that they might expect to ſee her in her own hotel very ſoon.

While we were in this ſtate of mind, Vilotte called one morning at the houſe of our confinement. My mother and I were ſitting together—I heard the ſound of his foot as he advanced through the paſſage. In that diſmal abode we were accuſtomed to few ſounds but thoſe of ſorrow; it was no wonder, then, that I could with certainty diſtinguiſh one which had always been the forerunner of comfort.—"Oh! my dear mother," ſaid I, ſpringing from my ſeat, "here comes Vilotte! he brings the order for your freedom."—"Let us receive it with thankfulneſs and moderation, my child, if he does," ſaid ſhe.

When Vilotte entered, he had a kind of ſmile on his countenance; but it did not

ſeem natural: the good creature ſtrove to maintain a cheerful look while he informed us, that "he was certain that my mother would obtain her liberty very ſoon, though *not ſo ſoon* as he had expected; that Robeſpierre had been indiſpoſed, which had occaſioned delay; that he was ſo much occupied, ſince his recovery, that it was difficult to obtain acceſs to him;" but Vilotte added, "that he had received a meſſage from him, importing that my mother would be ſet at liberty in a ſhort time, though the preciſe day was not yet fixed."

In ſpite of all theſe palliatives, this was a ſevere diſappointment to both my mother and me: Vilotte perceived it in our countenances; for neither of us ſpoke. He repeated every thing which he thought would afford us comfort; ſaying, "we might rely on the aſſurance Robeſpierre had ſent him; that Robeſpierre was too great a patriot not to be ſincere; that none but courtiers were inſincere: he was therefore convinced that

he ſhould have the happineſs of bringing us good news at his next viſit."

My mother ſaid—" That what gave her moſt uneaſineſs was, that no particular time had been ever fixed; that if ſhe were aſſured of obtaining her freedom on a certain day, it would be a great comfort, though the day were diſtant."

Vilotte anſwered—" That though he was determined not to return until the day of her freedom was decided on, ſtill he was convinced he ſhould wait on her ſoon."

Thoſe who have longed, with impatient expectation, for ſome event on which they imagine their happineſs depends; who have been convinced that the expected event will not be prolonged beyond a particular day, and when that day arrived have been diſappointed, will have ſome idea of our anguiſh: but unleſs they have been ſhut up for months in a priſon, and pined from morning to night for freſh air, free exerciſe, the verdure of the fields, and the faces of friends, they will not have a full

notion of what we felt on this occaſion. I really thought nothing could be more vexatious: yet I affected to bear it cheerily, that it might ſit the more lightly on the mind of my mother. I plainly perceived that ſhe aſſumed the ſame behaviour, and for a ſimilar reaſon: in theſe mutual attempts, perhaps, neither deceived the other; yet our efforts to *ſeem* more cheerful than we were enabled us to ſupport the diſappointment better than we ſhould otherwiſe have done.

Five or ſix days after this, Vilotte paid us another viſit: we were ſitting together, and heard him approaching as before. My mother and I looked at each other the moment we diſtinguiſhed his tread; but neither of us ſpoke. I heard her ſigh as he was entering the room. Neither of us turned our eyes on him for a few ſeconds; but when we did, his face ſeemed gay, his ſmiles were unconſtrained. He announced, with an air of complete conviction, that he was now certain that my mother's freedom was determined

on: his friend had ſeen Robeſpierre; and the order for that purpoſe would be given in due form, on a particular day, which he named, and which was at the diſtance of three weeks.

In this interval, a friend of my father, who had borrowed from him a conſiderable ſum of money, found means to let my mother know, that he would immediately pay a certain portion of the debt into the hands of any perſon whom ſhe ſhould authoriſe to receive it. This perſon lived at the diſtance of above three hundred miles from Paris, which at this dreadful period he was unwilling to enter. My mother had much occaſion for the money, and thought nobody ſo fit to receive it as myſelf.

An old ſervant of my father, of the name of St. Jean, who had been eſtabliſhed in a ſhop by his aſſiſtance, and was one of the national guards, was engaged to conduct my maid and me on this expedition. As ſoon as the neceſſary paſſports were obtained, the

maid and I ſet out in a poſt-chaiſe, and the man attended on horſeback. My father's friend received me with the greateſt kindneſs, and paid me the money. By a ſlight indiſpoſition, I was under the neceſſity of remaining ſeveral days at his houſe longer than I intended. As ſoon as I was able, I returned in the ſame manner I had ſet out. During the whole of this journey, my thoughts were engroſſed with anticipations of the happineſs I ſhould enjoy on the day of my dear mother's enlargement. My greateſt vexation, in my late indiſpoſition, proceeded from the fear of not being able to reach Paris before it ſhould take place. I now rejoiced in the expectation of arriving there on that very morning.

Not chooſing to drive through Paris, on my arrival, I quitted the poſt-chaiſe at the barrier, intending to walk to the houſe of the man who had accompanied me, whoſe wife had formerly been my maid. Our way was through the Place of Louis XV. A great

crowd was aſſembled; and we were informed, that it was to ſee the execution of ſome perſons condemned by the bloody tribunal then ſitting. I turned with precipitation; and, by a circuit, avoided a place which was almoſt the daily ſcene of ſuch affecting ſpectacles.

In my way to the houſe above mentioned, I called at a ſhop to purchaſe ſome confections which I knew my mother was fond of. While I ſat in the inner room, till the things I ordered were ready, two perſons entered the ſhop: one of them ſaid, "that madame de —— had died with the utmoſt ſerenity."

I did not perfectly hear the name the man pronounced; but, indiſtinct as it was, it darted inſtantaneous terror to my heart. He proceeded to ſay, "that he had come directly from the Place of the Revolution, and that he had ſeen her guillotined."

"Who did you ſay?" aſked the woman of the ſhop.

He anſwered, with an audible and diſtinct

voice, "I already told you, madame de ——, the widow of governor de ——."

At the mention of my father's name, my maid, who was preſent, uttered a ſhriek, and I loſt all recollection.

The following day, when I began to recover from that ſtate of ſtupefaction into which the dreadful news had thrown me, I found myſelf in bed, in the houſe of a widow who lived near the confectioner, in whoſe ſhop I had been firſt taken ill.

I had cauſe to regret the inſenſibility from which I awoke to a full ſenſe of my miſery.

The ſtate I continued in, for ſome time after the return of my recollection, I will not attempt to deſcribe.

When I was able to liſten to a detail of the circumſtances which preceded the dreadful event, I was told, "That only a few days before my arrival at Paris, and when my mother ſtill relied on repeated aſſurances of her being to be ſet at liberty on the day appoint-

ed, a freſh accuſation had been made againſt her, of her having emigrated to England in June 1792; that ſhe had not returned to France on or previous to the day fixed by the decree of the convention; that ſhe had been, on *falſe pretexts*, ſtruck out of the liſt of emigrants, by a committee of federaliſts and traitors; and, finally, that ſhe correſponded *with*, and had ſent money *to*, her ſon-in-law, who actually ſerved in the army of Condé.

"On this accuſation ſhe had been hurried before the revolutionary tribunal; had undergone the form of a trial, where thoſe circumſtances were ſworn to; had been inſulted, in groſs terms, by the wretch who preſided over that court of aſſaſſins; and afterwards dragged to the ſcaffold, where ſhe had ſuffered with the reſignation of a ſaint, with another lady of rank, who was executed at the ſame time, by a miſtake in the name, which thoſe murderers would not take the

trouble to inveſtigate, though a different victim was intended."

[Why ſhould I afflict your ſympathiſing breaſt, my dear young lady, with an enumeration of my ſorrows?—

I muſt not omit to inform you, however, that I received an anonymous letter ſoon after; the purport of which was, to acquaint me, that the *Count* was my mother's ſecret accuſer, and that it was by his influence ſhe had been put to death. I am well aware that letters of this kind are generally the offſpring of cowardice, in conjunction with malice: it would have made no impreſſion on my mind, therefore, if I had not had reaſon to ſuſpect the ſame from other ſources of intelligence.]

Several weeks after this dreadful event, I was told, one morning, that a gentleman wiſhed to ſee me. As he announced himſelf an old friend of my family, you may conceive how very much I was ſurpriſed when

the Count entered the room. I could not help ſcreaming as ſoon as I ſaw him.

He begged that I would be compoſed, aſſuring me of his ſympathy.

I cried, "that I wiſhed for none of his ſympathy—that I could have no ſympathy with him."

He declared, in the moſt ſoothing tone, "that he was ready to render me every ſervice in his power;" adding, "that it was in his power, he hoped, to be of moſt eſſential ſervice to me."

"Can you reſtore my mother?" exclaimed I.

He ſtarted, became pale, and remained for ſome moments ſilent: then, recovering himſelf, he ſaid—"That he moſt ſincerely lamented the fate of my mother; that he, as well as her other friends, had entertained hopes that ſhe was to be ſet at liberty, at the very time that the ſad event took place:—that ſhe had enemies unknown to him."

"They are not unknown to me," cried I;

and I was going to utter all that rage and deſpair prompted, when the miſtreſs of the houſe entered the room. The Count roſe; and having recommended me, in very affectionate terms, to her care, he withdrew.

La Brune was the name of the woman into whoſe houſe I had been carried, from the ſhop where I was firſt taken ill. Her huſband had received obligations from my father, for which ſhe had retained ſentiments of gratitude; and, after her huſband's death, ſhe let lodgings. She had behaved with all tenderneſs to me, from the moment I had entered her houſe.

When the Count was gone, ſhe informed me, that he had been accidentally paſſing when I was carried from the confectioner's to her houſe; that he had frequently called, during my illneſs, to inquire how I was, and had recommended that all poſſible care ſhould be taken of me.

"The monſter!" exclaimed I; "it was

owing to him that my mother was accuſed."

The woman was ſhocked at hearing this, and expreſſed the utmoſt indignation at ſuch perfidy; but, on inquiring into my reaſons for believing it, ſhe endeavoured to ſhow me that they did not by any means amount to certainty.

On various occaſions, afterwards, this woman took pains to perſuade me that there was little probability of the Count's having been guilty of the wickedneſs I ſuſpected him of. One day, in particular, after deploring the helpleſs ſituation in which I was, ſhe repeated the deſire he had expreſſed of ſerving me; and concluded, that for thoſe, and various other reaſons, I ought to receive his future viſits with more complaiſance.

"I expect no more of his viſits," ſaid I; "but, in caſe of his calling again, I beg you may ſhut the door againſt him."

Madame la Brune told me, "that ſhe durſt not venture to provoke a man of the Count's

influence; that if ſhe did, it would no longer be in her power to ſerve me, which ſhe had the moſt ſincere deſire to do. She begged I would reflect on my forlorn ſituation: that I was not free from danger, not only on account of my being the wife of an emigrant, but of one who was in arms againſt the republic. She repreſented how very much I ſtood in need of that protection, without which every body was in danger of being carried before the revolutionary tribunal. "Innocence, my dear lady," added ſhe, "is not always a ſecurity."

"No," anſwered I; "nothing but guilt is; and for that reaſon I deſire no ſecurity."

On my uttering this, which I did with emphaſis, I was ſurpriſed to ſee madame la Brune change colour, and burſt into tears.

The Count was introduced at that very inſtant.

Madame la Brune roſe; and, as ſhe went out of the room, looked at me in a very affecting manner.

I had already been moved by her tears: I conceived this look to be a requeſt that I ſhould not provoke him, leſt it ſhould bring her to trouble: this reflection prevented me from withdrawing with her. I remained in the room, with the determination of behaving to him with calmneſs and civility.

He renewed his offers of ſervice and expreſſions of concern. I bowed, without anſwering. He introduced ſome general and indifferent ſubject of converſation—I joined in it with conſtrained calmneſs. He at laſt took his leave, with a repetition of his hopes to be able to ſerve me.

At one time, I had ſome ſuſpicion that madame la Brune acted in concert with the Count; that perhaps I had been carried to her houſe by his direction. In this I did her injuſtice: ſhe knew nothing of him, previous to his inquiries about me. She was afterwards informed, that he was a friend of Collot d'Herbois, and had influence with Robeſpierre. The woman was of a com-

he ſeemed inclined, however, to make any particular declaration, I always eluded the ſubject. He could not conceive that any thing could prevent me, in my preſent ſituation, from embracing an offer of marriage from him, except ſome religious ſcruple. He ſuſpected that I might think a divorce, however legal, could not diſſolve the obligation of marriage, which is a ſacrament.

I might have had ſuch ſcruples, even although I had loved the Count; but, in truth, I diſliked the man to that degree, that the idea of being his wife filled me with as much horror as that of being his miſtreſs could poſſibly do.

The Count was fully perſuaded, however, that all my heſitation (for he thought me heſitating) proceeded from my doubts of the efficacy of the divorce, in giving me a right to marry a ſecond huſband during the life of my firſt.

To remove thoſe doubts from my mind,

he fell on a ſingular expedient, which it will be requiſite to develope a little circumſtantially.

The Count was acquainted with a monſieur and madame Cochon, whoſe hiſtory is ſomewhat curious:—Mr. Cochon's parents were in opulent circumſtances: they intended him for the military profeſſion; and did all in their power, by giving him a ſuitable education, to render him fit for it. They never had any doubt of its being agreeable to his own inclination; for he had, from his early youth, affected the military dreſs, even in the fierceſt ſtyle. But there were two circumſtances, in the life of a ſoldier, to both of which young Cochon had an utter averſion; namely, danger and fatigue. When his parents told him, therefore, that it was time for him to chooſe a profeſſion, to their ſurpriſe, he informed them he preferred the eccleſiaſtical.

Though ſurpriſed, his relations were not very averſe to his choice; for ſome of them

great, who indulge in other luxuries, ſhould have ſo little taſte for that moſt exquiſite of all luxuries, relieving the wants of others.

A young man of ſome fortune, and of a benevolent diſpoſition, who had been a little attracted by this lady's looks, which were engaging, was ſo charmed with her ſentiments, that he propoſed marriage to her. This propoſal was ſo very convenient to her, that ſhe waved that timid reluctance, and all thoſe delicate ſcruples, which it was in this lady's character to have diſplayed, had ſhe not been afraid that the lover might have changed his mind during the exhibition.

The young man, in whoſe favour ſhe had thus overcome her delicacy, was intimately connected in friendſhip with ſome of the leaders of the Gironde party. They were arreſted a ſhort time after his marriage. When the violence againſt them came to its height, he was adviſed to withdraw from Paris, and keep himſelf concealed. He followed this advice, and afterwards eſcaped to Germany;

from whence he wrote preſſing letters to his wife, begging that ſhe would join him as ſoon as ſhe could. She was taking meaſures for that purpoſe; for ſhe did not know what elſe to do; and had often declared, that to be abſent from the huſband ſhe loved was worſe than death. The night before ſhe was to have ſet out, a wealthy citizen of Paris, and the friend of Robeſpierre, made love to her.—Though ſhe acknowledged that ſhe was proud of the good opinion of ſo diſtinguiſhed a patriot, yet ſhe alſo expatiated on her virtue, and the duty ſhe owed her huſband, notwithſtanding his political errors. The patriotic citizen repreſented that her virtue needed be no obſtacle to his happineſs, becauſe he could, with the greateſt eaſe, procure for her a divorce from her huſband, who was an emigrant, and already dead in law. This argument was enforced by an offer of an ample jointure, and a conſiderable ſum of ready money, at her own diſpoſal.

The patriotic citizen prevailed; and, after

the divorce had been obtained, and the new contract of marriage drawn out, ſealed, and ſigned, in due form, he became the lady's lawful huſband.

He did not ſurvive his happineſs long; the man died in conſequence of exceſs at an entertainment given by Robeſpierre's brother to a ſelect party of his friends. The Count's acquaintance, citizen Cochon, had ingratiated himſelf ſo much with all that party, by abjuring the prieſthood and ridiculing Chriſtianity, that he had been invited to this entertainment. He ſaw the man carried ſpeechleſs from the feaſt, and conceived great hopes of his death; for, having before been ſtruck with the figure of his wife, and informed of her circumſtances, he thought an alliance with her would anſwer all his views.

Some ſhort time after the death of the huſband, therefore, monſieur Cochon paid a viſit to the afflicted widow. He told her, "that, as he had loſt one of his moſt valued friends, he came to mingle his tears with hers, which,

perhaps, would afford ſome degree of conſolation to both." She expreſſed no averſion to the experiment, and they met pretty frequently, to mingle their tears accordingly. She acknowledged to him that this ceremony afforded ſome alleviation to her ſorrow, particularly as, though monſieur Cochon was a much ſtouter man, yet ſhe found a conſiderable reſemblance in his features to thoſe of her deceaſed huſband. On that hint, monſieur Cochon ſpoke, and declared his paſſion with ſuch a warmth of eloquence as might have melted a harder heart than this lady's ſeems to have been.

All thoſe particulars I learned from madame la Brune, who was a relation of mademoiſelle Soupire, had kept up a certain degree of intimacy with her through all her variations, and underſtood her character perfectly.

In the account I have given of this woman (continued the marchioneſs), I have uſed, as often as I could recollect them, the very phraſes of madame la Brune, who never ſpoke

of her couſin without turning her affectation into ridicule.

The Count had been acquainted with madame Cochon when ſhe was mademoiſelle Soupire. At one time he was thought to be rather fond of her. Diſguſted by her affected airs of ſenſibility, he had abſtained from viſiting her. He had known her a warm and voluble friend of the Gironde party, while it was in power. He had known her its bitter enemy, and the moſt eloquent of Robeſpierre's admirers, when the Gironde party was overſet: he was fully convinced that ſhe was equally prepared to be the advocate and admirer of whoever ſhould overturn the government of Robeſpierre, and bring him to the guillotine. With whatever indulgence or partiality the Count might view this diſpoſition in himſelf (for it was preciſely his own), yet it appeared to him hideous in another; and he had the moſt conſummate contempt for madame Cochon. He imagined, however,

that ſhe was a likely perſon to remove all my ſcruples with reſpect to my ſueing for a divorce and marrying again.—"As this lady, who paſſed for a woman of refined delicacy, had ſo far yielded to the voice of reaſon and prudence as to ſue for a divorce from the man ſhe had married from love, and had afterwards taken a ſecond huſband, during the life of the firſt, notwithſtanding her love for him, and then a third, who had been a prieſt, in the middle of her mourning for the death of the ſecond, what heſitation could remain with me after ſo bright and ſtriking an example?"

The Count, therefore, cultivated the acquaintance of monſieur Cochon more than ever; renewed his attentions to his lady, who had always retained a certain degree of regard for him, and on whom he ſoon prevailed to promote his views with all her power. She viſited her relation madame la Brune very aſſiduouſly, and took much pains to be on an intimate footing with me.

I was not long in perceiving her aim and

ſuſpecting her motive. It was not in my power to avoid ſeeing this woman; but I concealed my ſuſpicions of her. I allowed her, with little interruption, to expatiate on the good qualities of the Count; his intimate connection and great influence with the men in power; and on my good fortune, in having ſo valuable a friend. She drew his portrait in the moſt ſhining colours, and varniſhed it with all her art, to render it ſtill more agreeable. This had a different effect from what ſhe intended; the varniſh corroded the artificial tints, and left the likeneſs all its natural diſguſting appearance of corruption.

She was deceived by my ſilence and paſſive attention: ſhe informed the Count that the moment for being liſtened to by me with favour was arrived.

At his next viſit he found madame la Brune with me. She ſeiſed a pretext for leaving us: he began the old ſubject of his ardent deſire of ſerving me—his extreme ſorrow for my helpleſs ſituation. On my faintly thanking

him, he ſaid, " that endeavours were making for reſtoring to me my eſtate, and threw out ſome inſinuations of his own influence with thoſe on whom that meaſure depended; that the greateſt obſtacle was my being conſidered as the wife of an emigrant; that he, however, had a prior claim, having declared his paſſion before my huſband paid his court to me. He hinted the great facility which there was with reſpect to divorces; and that, though he found it difficult to obtain the reſtoration of an eſtate to a perſon who was conſidered merely as his *friend*, yet he was perſuaded it would not be refuſed to his *wife*."

I froze at the word. I am convinced I became pale. How he conſtrued my appearance I know not; but he dropped on one knee, ſeiſed my hand, and renewed his requeſt in direct terms. At his touch I ſhuddered—All caution forſook me—I drew my hand haſtily from him, with an exclamation of averſion.

He ſtarted up with fury, and, in a me-

nacing voice, admoniſhed me not to provoke him too far.

"The worſt you can do," ſaid I, "wretch, cannot ſurpaſs your perfidy to my mother."

He left the room quite furious.

Madame la Brune entered.—She had overheard all that paſſed.—She lamented the danger I was in, and blamed my raſhneſs.

"To ſcreen myſelf from danger," ſaid I, "would you have me plunge into guilt and infamy?"

She burſt into tears, and remained ſilent.

I was ſorry for the uneaſineſs I gave this good-natured woman, and ſaid every thing I could think of that could be ſoothing to her.

Vilotte, the dancing-maſter, called on me a few days after this ſcene. He ſeemed greatly agitated. He informed me, "that he had juſt learned that an accuſation was to be brought againſt me; that he underſtood it originated in the Count. He adviſed me to deſtroy any letters I might have from my huſband, or any paper whatever, that would ſtrengthen ſuſpi-

cion of my correſponding with emigrants."— He added, "that I was to be arreſted the following day, and confined in a houſe belonging to a creature of the Count, where I would be entirely in his power."

This laſt circumſtance terrified me more than all the reſt. I propoſed leaving my lodgings directly, and trying to find refuge and concealment in the houſe of a poor woman, whoſe diſtreſſes I had occaſionally relieved, and with whom I was not known to be acquainted.

Vilotte approved of this; but deſired me to delay till the duſk of the evening, when he would himſelf conduct me; and, in the mean while, begged that I would take the precaution he had mentioned.

When I informed madame la Brune of this, ſhe ſhowed the ſtrongeſt marks of ſorrow, and, afterwards, of indignation; ſhe poured forth execrations againſt the Count: at laſt, after a minute's pauſe, ſhe ſaid, "Perhaps I may ſtill be able to ſave you from the power

of this villain." She ordered a coach to be called, aſſured me that ſhe would return in a ſhort time, and hurried into it without farther explanation.

I had no paper that could be thought dangerous, but ſeveral that I did not wiſh thoſe wretches to peruſe: theſe I immediately threw into the fire, and then employed myſelf in packing up what neceſſaries could be conveniently carried to the houſe where I intended to go.

Madame la Brune returned two hours before the time when I expected Vilotte.—I heard her ſinging a gay air as ſhe came up ſtairs. She knew the ſtate of anxiety in which I was, and wiſhed to announce to me, as ſoon as poſſible, that there was nothing alarming in the news ſhe brought. As ſhe opened the door of my room—"You have nothing to fear, my dear madam," cried ſhe; "you may remain here in perfect ſecurity."

She then informed me, that "ſhe had been

with her friend and protector of the military committee; had related to him my ſtory, which he was in part previouſly acquainted with, and had fully convinced him of the Count's intention to gratify private malice and revenge, under the pretext of public zeal; that while ſhe was enforcing this with all the warmth which her regard for me prompted, a ſervant had entered, and informed him that Collot d'Herbois waited in another room; that her friend had directly withdrawn, deſiring her to wait his return; that, when he did return, he had aſſured her that he had taken effectual meaſures for my ſafety, deſiring her to inform me that I was in no danger of being arreſted, and had nothing to dread from the enmity of the Count."

When Vilotte arrived, I informed him of theſe circumſtances, at which he expreſſed great ſatisfaction, ſaying, "that though he had not the honour of knowing the deputy in

queſtion, he was well acquainted with his high reputation; and that the aſſurances he had given madame la Brune were completely to be relied upon."

I remained, accordingly, at her houſe, undiſturbed by fear of being arreſted, or by any more viſits from the Count.

I afterwards came to the knowledge of the means by which my ſecurity was obtained.

The Count had cultivated an intimacy with St. Juſte, a member of the convention, and a great favourite of Robeſpierre. He was a young man of great intrepidity and conſiderable talents. After having ſaid that he was a favourite of Robeſpierre, it is unneceſſary to add that this St. Juſte was a moſt conſummate villain.

He had recommended citizen R—— (for that was the name the Count had aſſumed) in ſo particular a manner, that *he* alſo was conſidered, at this time, as a kind of favourite of

Robeſpierre. The Count was ſo vain of this honour, that he neglected his old friend, Collot d'Herbois; and a coldneſs had taken place between them. The latter was piqued at the Count's neglect; and he harboured beſides ſome degree of jealouſy, on account of his growing favour with the dictator. This was the ſtate of Collot d'Herbois' mind when he called on madame la Brune's friend, as has been mentioned. The latter was acquainted with the Count's ancient intimacy with Collot d'Herbois, but knew nothing of the new coldneſs. D'Herbois' buſineſs was to requeſt a ſituation for a relation of his, who was an engineer. Immediately after granting this requeſt, madame la Brune's friend told the other that the Count had conceived ill-will againſt an unfortunate woman, in whom he was intereſted, had a plan for having her arreſted and confined, on pretences that were unfounded, and begged, as he himſelf was unacquainted with the Count, that d'Herbois

would prevail on him to drop all thoughts of that nature.

" You may depend upon it," ſaid d'Herbois, " that it ſhall be done—I'll go to him immediately."

" You are ſure of perſuading him? for I am a good deal intereſted in the buſineſs," reſumed the other.

" Abſolutely ſure," replied d'Herbois.

He immediately waited on the Count, told him he was ſorry to underſtand that he had intentions of accuſing me, and deſired he would give up all thoughts of it, and leave me in tranquillity.

The Count expreſſed ſurpriſe at his interference, ſaid there was great ground for the accuſation, and refuſed to comply with his requeſt.

Collot d'Herbois ſaid, with an air of menace, " I would adviſe you not to puſh that matter any farther."

The Count, with heat, told him " that he

would mention it to Robeſpierre himſelf that very day: adding, "How will you anſwer to him for interfering in favour of a perſon under ſuch a load of ſuſpicion as that lady is?"

"How will you anſwer to him," replied d'Herbois, "for the letter you wrote to Danton a little before his arreſt and execution?"

"That letter was burnt," replied the Count.

"When I told you ſo," rejoined Collot d'Herbois, with an ironical grin, "I did not recollect that I had, *from mere abſence of mind*, ſlipped it into my pocket inſtead of the fire: I was ſurpriſed, therefore, to find it among my papers this morning."

The face of the Count, red-hot with rage the inſtant before, became cold and pale at this annunciation; he perceived that his life was in the power of a man he had neglected and braved, and with whoſe vindictive temper he was well acquainted. This reflection, after he had ſtood a moment motionleſs, began to ſhake his whole frame: when he at-

tempted to ſpeak, his teeth chattered in ſuch a manner that he could not articulate a ſyllable.

After having for ſome time enjoyed his terror, "I ſee," ſaid Collot d'Herbois, "that you are a little diſcompoſed at this intelligence; you may reſt aſſured, however, that *your friend* Robeſpierre ſhall not ſee your kind epiſtle to *his friend* Danton, until I hear that the lady in queſtion is arreſted, or that you make ſome attempt to diſturb her."

When the Count had recovered himſelf, he aſſured d'Herbois "that he might have obtained what he required of him by a ſingle word; but that he had been impelled to affect reluctance merely by the abrupt and peremptory manner in which the requeſt had been made; that he muſt be ſenſible that there was no man on earth for whom he had ſo great an eſteem; that, as for the lady, ſhe might rely on never being diſturbed by him; that very probably the reports he had heard of her correſponding with emigrants were

falſe; and that, if ſo, he would be very happy to do her all the ſervice in his power; and that Collot d'Herbois might rely on his conducting himſelf in that buſineſs, as in every thing elſe, conformably to the friendſhip he had long felt for him."

D'Herbois anſwered with declarations of friendſhip equally ſincere; but, in the ſpirit of his original profeſſion, as a buffoon, he could not refrain from embracing the Count a little too much *à la pantalone*, which convinced the Count that the other intended the reverſe of what he ſaid: that idea engroſſed his thoughts,—the guillotine was conſtantly before his eyes; and, as Robeſpierre was the perſon from whoſe immediate mandate he dreaded death, he thought of nothing, from that moment, but how to overturn his power; and, having diſcovered that ſome other of Robeſpierre's old friends, wretches who had been his accomplices in ſo many murders, were, from a ſuſpicion of his intention to murder them alſo,

now his enemies, the Count joined in their plots.

Their conſpiracy was hurried into execution by the intemperance of Robeſpierre himſelf. This man had ſo long ſported with the lives of his countrymen, without meeting with reſiſtance, that he loſt all prudence or ſenſe of danger; and, after having been obeyed implicitly in the murder of many thouſands of innocent people, he loſt his own life by threatening that of a few execrable villains.

While the conteſt continued, the Count kept aloof. As ſoon as it was known that Robeſpierre, Couthon, St. Juſte, and Henriot, were maſſacred, he appeared in the front rank of the victors, and was among the very loudeſt declaimers againſt the cruelties of Robeſpierre, whom he now repreſented as the greateſt monſter that ever the earth had produced. Barrère and Collot d'Herbois attempted to play the ſame game, but with leſs ſucceſs. Tallien unmaſked the firſt; and the Count was indefatigable in his endeavours to ſend the ſecond

to the ſcaffold. This man, however, who had deſerved the wheel in a thouſand inſtances, eſcaped with baniſhment.

A few days after Robeſpierre had been dragged expiring to the ſcaffold, amidſt the execrations of a multitude who worſhipped him two days before, I received a viſit from madame Cochon. In the days of Roland and the Girondiſts, this woman had always ſpoken of Robeſpierre as a madman: after their deſtruction ſhe acknowledged that ſhe had miſtaken his character, for ſhe then ſaw that he was a moſt diſintereſted patriot, and the only man in France who had ſufficient energy for conducting the republic though the rocks, quickſands, and hurricanes of the revolution. Madame Cochon thought herſelf wonderfully eloquent, and dealt much in hackneyed metaphor. At this viſit I found that ſhe had reſumed her original opinion of Robeſpierre, with the addition of his being the moſt miſchievous and cruel of madmen. With a view to acquire favour with thoſe who had

deſtroyed him, and gain importance, ſhe gave out that the following memorandum was inſcribed in his pocket-book :—*Madame Cochon, née Soupire. Guillotine.*

When ſhe repeated this aſſertion to me, in the preſence of madame la Brune, who was convinced of its falſehood, the latter could not help ſaying—" It is a great pity that the pocket-book, which does you ſo much honour, could never be found."

" Ah !" cried madame Cochon, a little too haſtily, " he burnt it before his execution."

" It is wonderful, then," replied madame la Brune, " how you came to know that ſuch a memorandum had ever been in it."

" It is by no means wonderful," ſaid the incorrigible hypocrite, " ſince Providence has ordained, that plans of murder, as well as murder itſelf, are often brought to light in a miraculous manner ; and I do aſſure you, my friend, that I was doomed to death by that monſter Robeſpierre !" She ſaid this in a doleful voice, and ſeemed ready to cry.

"*Let not the tear of ſenſibility tremble in your eye,*" rejoined madame la Brune: "but recollect that it was the monſter himſelf, and not you, that was guillotined.—Do not cry, my dear madam, your head is ſtill upon your ſhoulders."

I have obſerved, my dear Miſs Clifford, (continued the marchioneſs,) that vain people are exceedingly blind to the ridicule they excite. This woman was a very great hypocrite; ſhe had all the deſire poſſible to deceive, but her vanity put it out of her power. It was obvious that madame la Brune ſneered at her: yet ſhe continued to flouriſh about her ſenſibility a conſiderable time before ſhe touched on the real buſineſs for which ſhe had come: at laſt, however, ſhe ſpoke about the Count.—"She was exceedingly ſorry that any miſunderſtanding had taken place between him and me; to her knowledge he had the moſt ſincere reſpect and friendſhip for me; wiſhed to be of uſe to me; and then expatiated on the need that

every one, particularly a young woman in my ſituation, had of protection;" and finiſhed by ſaying "that the Count was intimately connected with thoſe who had overturned Robeſpierre; that he had been acquainted with all their plans, and was likely to continue in truſt and favour with them: and, even on the ſuppoſition that they, like others, ſhould be turned out of power (ſhe added), that he poſſeſſed ſuch addreſs, and ſuch an accommodating verſatility of conduct, that ſhe knew no man who ſtood a fairer chance of acquiring the favour of their ſucceſſors, however oppoſite their ſyſtem might be to the meaſures he now ſupported; that the friendſhip and protection of ſuch a man was of great advantage at any time, but particularly at the preſent moment."

Having urged thoſe conſiderations at ſome length, ſhe took her leave, in the hopes, no doubt, that they would have the effect ſhe intended. She aſſured me, as ſhe was going, that ſhe would have the pleaſure of waiting on me again very ſoon.

I afterwards was informed, on better authority than madame Cochon's, that the Count really was in conſiderable credit with thoſe in power, but that madame la Brune's friend was under confinement. On this, my dread of being perſecuted by the malice, or, what I dreaded ſtill more, by the love of the Count, returned in full force.

I began, therefore, to arrange matters for changing my lodging; but I concealed my purpoſe from madame la Brune, not from any want of confidence in her, but that ſhe might be enabled to declare, *with truth*, that ſhe knew not of my going, nor where I was.

Madame la Brune ſuſpected my intention, and complained of me for harbouring it. I acknowledged my having reſumed my former plan of concealing myſelf with the old woman, and that I had not mentioned it to her, on purpoſe to ſave her from being ſuſpected by the Count of any previous knowledge of my leaving her houſe; for I knew that ſhe had given him reaſon to expect that

ſhe would inform him, in caſe I ſhould ever think of taking that ſtep.

She ſaid, "that ſhe was convinced of the prudence of my immediately trying to conceal myſelf; but ſhe queſtioned my being able to remain long ſo at the old woman's, where I ſhould alſo be miſerably accommodated. She therefore adviſed me to leave Paris." She owned, "that the Count had exacted of her that ſhe ſhould give him notice in caſe I thought of quitting her houſe; but that he had no right to make ſuch an exaction; that he could not have made it for any honeſt purpoſe; and therefore ſhe would pay no regard to it. As for the Count's ſuſpecting me of aſſiſting you to eſcape," ſaid ſhe, "that he will do at any rate; for villains are always ſuſpicious: but, thank heaven!" added ſhe, "they are to be deceived as well as other people; and I have no ſcruple in deceiving them; being perſuaded, that an over-delicacy in that point gives them an advantage over honeſt people which they have no right

to. After you are gone, therefore, I ſhall have circumſtances arranged, and a ſtory prepared, that will tend to remove his ſuſpicions of me more effectually than if I had really known nothing of the matter, and been unprepared to deceive him, as he deſerves to be."

I did not think madame la Brune's reaſoning unexceptionable, more than her conduct in other reſpects; for it was impoſſible not to ſee that ſhe was the miſtreſs of the deputy with whom ſhe had ſo much influence. What ſurpriſed me was, to find that, notwithſtanding this latitude of reaſoning and behaviour, ſhe was ſcrupulouſly obſervant of certain religious ceremonies, of far leſs importance; an inſtance of which I will mention, becauſe it is a ſtrong proof of the inconſiſtency of ſentiment on religious ſubjects, even in characters by no means devoid of ſagacity in other matters.

One evening that I paſſed with her alone, after a good deal of converſation, in which

ſwer any of his queſtions, by ſome of which ſhe would have been very much embarraſſed: that he had afterwards tried coaxing and bribing, to prevail on her to acquaint him with the place of my concealment: that ſhe had not altogether ſeemed deaf to theſe arguments; but, after having convinced him that ſhe had known nothing of my going away, and had with all diligence been endeavouring to diſcover where I was, ſhe had given him a cue for finding me out,—which cue," added ſhe, "*will direct his reſearches far enough from the place you are in.*"

About a fortnight after this, I received a ſecond letter from madame la Brune, to acquaint me, that ſhe had juſt learnt, from the Count himſelf, "that he had heard of my former journey; had ſome ſuſpicion where I actually was, and propoſed to ſend certain agents to diſcover whether his ſuſpicions were well founded: that ſhe, on her part, had done every thing ſhe could to turn him from his purpoſe; but, as ſhe was not cer-

tain of having ſucceeded, ſhe gave me this notice, that I might be on my guard."

This alarmed me ſo much, that I ſlept out of my friend's houſe the night on which I got the letter. By the very next poſt I received another, in which madame la Brune informed me, "that ſhe had waited on the Count the day after their laſt converſation, and had told him, that, in conſequence of having written to a friend at Liſle, to give her information of the arrival of any perſon at that town who anſwered to the deſcription ſhe had given of me, ſhe had received an account of ſuch a perſon having juſt arrived there: that, on this information, the Count, as ſhe wiſhed, had immediately ſet out for Liſle." Madame la Brune added—"On his arrival there, he will be told, that the perſon he is in ſearch of had gone to St. Omer's ſome hours before his arrival: he will of courſe proceed to St. Omer's; and, when he gets there, he will find that nobody knows what is become of the fugitive." She concludes, "that ſhe

gives me this information, that I may have time to make the arrangements neceſſary for removing entirely from my preſent place of concealment, and finding another, where I could remain in ſecurity; for ſhe was perſuaded, that as ſoon as the Count ſhould return to Paris, he would reſume his former ſuſpicion, and ſet out for the place where I then was."

In conſequence of this information, I reſolved to go to Geneva. By the means of the excellent man with whom I had lodged, I performed this journey, and was received, with my maid, into the houſe of a watchmaker, with whom my friend had long dealt, and to whom he had been of material ſervice in the way of his buſineſs. His family conſiſted of his wife and two young children.

With this family I lived in the moſt private manner: they were worthy people. As I was pleaſed with their converſation, and was provided with whatever books I required, I ſeldom wiſhed to go abroad; but my kind landlady, being afraid that too much

confinement would injure my health, prevailed on me ſometimes to take a walk with her. As we croſſed the Plain-palais one day together, I ſaw, at ſome little diſtance, two men in French uniforms, one of whom ſtruck me as having a reſemblance to a fellow whom I remembered to have ſeen attending the Count. I turned back immediately, begging my companion to attend me home as faſt as poſſible. Being near the gate which opens to Plain-palais, we ſoon entered the town, and hurried home with all expedition. I informed my landlord and his wife of the cauſe of my alarm: they endeavoured to encourage me with the hope that I had not been noticed by this fellow, or that he might not be the perſon I took him for: thoſe hopes were diminiſhed that ſame evening; when my landlord was informed, that a French ſoldier had been inquiring, at the ſhop oppoſite to his houſe, "Who the lady was who lived with him?—How long ſhe had been at Geneva?—When

ſhe intended to leave it?—and other particulars."

This account terrified me exceedingly, becauſe of the dread and ſubjection in which the inhabitants of the once free and happy city of Geneva were held by the tyranny of France. When I demanded of my landlord, "Whether I could depend on the magiſtrates for protection, in caſe any attempt were made againſt my liberty, through the influence of France," he ſaid—"It would be beſt not to riſk it."

This man, though in other reſpects a man of ſenſe and worth, had been a favourer of our revolution. He thought the French republic would, from ſympathy, ſupport the independence of Geneva. I knew his ſentiments; and therefore repeated, with ſurpriſe—"Riſk it! Does the independence of Geneva run any riſk from the republic of France? Can it countenance any attempt againſt general or individual liberty?"

He ſhook his head, and made an anſwer

flattering, my dear miſs Clifford, to your country.—" I am now convinced," ſaid he, " that power in republics, as well as in monarchies, has always a tendency to be oppreſſive; and that liberty, as well in monarchies as in republics, has a tendency to be turbulent: power and liberty, therefore, are ſeldom on good terms in either. I do not recollect any inſtance of their being combined, and limited ſo as to produce the general happineſs of the people, in any republic, nor in any monarchy, except that of Great-Britain, ſince the revolution in that country in the year 1688."

He then told me, " that he had a friend, advanced in life, who had been ſo diſguſted with the diſſenſions and tumults of which Geneva had been the ſcene ſince our revolution, that he had taken a ſmall houſe in a very retired and romantic ſpot near the village of Cluſe, where he lived with his ſiſter, a lady who had long before been diſguſted with mankind in general; not, indeed, on

account of a revolution in the ſtate, but in the affections of one man, who had proved faithleſs to her:" adding, "that they hardly ever ſaw or correſponded with any perſon, except when he himſelf paid them a viſit, or had occaſion to write to the brother." To this perſon's houſe my landlord offered to conduct me, aſſuring me of a welcome. I agreed to the propoſal with eagerneſs. We ſet out the following day; and, at my arrival, I received from this gentleman and his ſiſter the welcome I had been promiſed.

Before I left Geneva, I had written to my huſband, who was ſtill with the prince of Condé, expreſſing my deſire of paſſing to Germany, as ſoon as I could know where he wiſhed me to reſide; and deſiring him to addreſs to me, under cover, to my landlord at Geneva, who would deliver his letters, or tranſmit them to me, wherever I might be.

While I waited with impatience for an anſwer to this letter, I received one from madame la Brûne, in which ſhe informed me,

" that before the Count returned from his expedition to Liſle and St. Omer's, ſhe had prepared a very plauſible ſtory to amuſe him, and remove any ſuſpicion which might, naturally enough, have ariſen in his mind, of her having intentionally deceived him; that, though ſhe had never ſeen a man ſo vexed as he was at his diſappointment, and at the thoughts of having for ever loſt me, ſhe had appeared to be as vexed as him; that ſhe was not quite certain, however, of having entirely removed his ſuſpicions; that his paſſion for me was as violent as ever; that he talked much of the happy ſituation in which it was in his power, as well as inclination, to place me; that he would forget all the trouble I had given him, and enable me to live in opulence, uncontrolled, and entirely according to my own taſte." Madame la Brune obſerved, " that his inſiſting ſo much on theſe topics looked a little as if he ſtill ſuſpected that ſhe knew where I was, and would inform me of all he ſaid."

[This woman you muſt perceive, my dear, is exceedingly ſhrewd and cunning; but, though I muſt ever think on her with gratitude, and ſhould be happy to render her any proper ſervice, I ſhould like her better if ſhe had leſs cunning, and more true wiſdom: cunning is very apt to grow into knavery, whereas wiſdom tends to make people honeſt.]

The moſt intereſting part of her epiſtle was the poſtſcript, which acquainted me with her having juſt learnt that the Count had left Paris, and that he was gone to Chambery, where a certain perſon who had been long looked on as a creature of his acted as a commiſſioner.

This intelligence alarmed me ſo much, that I immediately ſent a peaſant with a letter to my friend the watchmaker at Geneva, begging his advice, and informing him that I had heard this commiſſioner ſpoken of as a man devoid of principle, and devoted to the Count; ſo that, if he ſhould by any accident

diſcover where I was, I might, by the authority of the former, be arreſted on the ſlighteſt pretext, and fall into the power of the latter.

The worthy Genevois ſaw my danger in the ſame light I did myſelf, and he was as eager to relieve me from it as if he had been my father. His anſwer was, "that the ſafeſt place, in his opinion, that I could retire to was Vevay; that he would write to a truſty perſon of his acquaintance, who lived there, to be ready to receive and accommodate me immediately on my arrival;" and he deſired me to meet him early in the morning of the day, after receiving his letter, at a certain village, from whence he would conduct me to the Lake of Geneva, where a boat would be ready to carry my maid and me acroſs to Vevay.

It afterwards appeared, however, that all my ſuſpicions, from the time I had ſeen the fellow in the Plain-palais, had been well founded: he *was* one of the ruffians whom the Count maintained, and always had at his

command. This fellow had been ſent by the Count from Chambery to Geneva, for the expreſs purpoſe of getting ſome accounts concerning me: he had remarked my ſuddenly turning from him, and haſtening within the gate; and had afterwards made inquiries, which confirmed him in the notion that I was the perſon he was in ſearch of. He had given this information to the Count, who had directly come to Geneva, in the hopes of carrying me off by ſome means or other from that city, on his arrival there; and, finding that I had left it, he had taken pains to diſcover where I had gone, in which he ſucceeded; and, finally, had applied to the commiſſioner, who, ſubſervient to all his views, had given an order for arreſting me, on the pretext of my carrying on a correſpondence with the enemies of France.

After every thing was arranged for our departure, according to the directions of my friend the Genevois, while I was converſing after ſupper with my worthy hoſt and his

ſiſter, in the expectation of ſetting out next morning, a ſervant, entering the room abruptly, told us, "that the houſe was ſurrounded by a party of French ſoldiers." You may conceive what a thunder-ſtroke this was to me. My landlord, whoſe natural ſteadineſs of temper was fortified by the ſtudy and practice of philoſophy, ſeeing the ſtate in which I was, ſaid, "Fifty to one it is a miſtake, founded on falſe information; they happen daily."—"The perſon who commands the party is placing ſentinels around the houſe; he ſeems a civil man," ſaid the ſervant to his maſter, "and he deſired me to tell you, ſir, that you need not be alarmed, for he has orders not to injure you in the leaſt."

"I am glad that the party is under command," replied our landlord aloud: "in that caſe, as we are all innocent, *none of us* need be alarmed."

As the officer was entering, I turned my back to the door, from the dread that he

might be accompanied by the Count. Addreſſing my landlord, he ſaid, "I am ſorry, ſir, that my duty obliges me to diſturb you in the leaſt; but my orders reach not you; they only regard a lady who lives in your houſe."

I cannot deſcribe how I was affected, when, ſtruck with the voice of this officer, I turned ſuddenly, and recogniſed the very perſon who had accompanied me on my journey from, and return to, Paris, when I went for the money.

He ſeemed as much aſtoniſhed as I was. "Good Heaven!" ſaid I, "St. Jean, are *you* come to arreſt me?"

"To arreſt *you!*" exclaimed he, with the accent of horror, ſhaking his head. He then pauſed, looked around, ſhut the door, and repeated, "Arreſt you! my dear madam, never, never, never."

"Who then are you come to arreſt?" ſaid I.

"My dear lady," replied he, "let me recover my ſenſes;" and, after looking firſt my

landlord, and then his ſiſter, ſtedfaſtly in the face, he ſaid to me—"Am I ſafe to ſpeak?"

"I will anſwer for this gentleman and lady as for myſelf, St. Jean," ſaid I.

"Will you?" replied the good fellow; "then I will ſpeak freely.—In caſe you ſhould eſcape from this, do you know of any place in which you could be concealed?"

"I was preparing to ſet out for ſuch a place when you arrived," ſaid I.

"Would to Heaven I had fallen and broken my leg when I was haſtening hither," ſaid he.

"I believe you had beſt inform this good man of the whole of your ſcheme," ſaid our landlord, addreſſing me.

I did ſo directly.

St. Jean liſtened with attention; and when I had finiſhed,—"It will do," ſaid he, riſing with an air of ſatisfaction. He then deſired to be excuſed, ſaying he had ſome diſpoſitions to make; but would return in a ſhort time.

"Are you abſolutely certain of this man's fidelity?" ſaid the ſiſter, as ſoon as he left the room.

"As much as of any man alive," ſaid I.

"That may be," ſaid the ſiſter with a profound ſigh; "but no man alive is to be truſted."

I recollected what the Genevois had told me, that this lady had in her youth been deceived by a man; and I had perceived that a long courſe of intervening years had not pluckt the rooted ſorrow from her breaſt.

"Do you not perceive, my dear ſiſter," ſaid our landlord, "that the time for diſtruſt is paſt; we are in the man's power; the leaſt appearance of diſtruſt now would only irritate."

St. Jean returned. We were ſurpriſed to ſee him accompanied by the footman and the two maids, the only ſervants belonging to the houſe. We were alarmed when he deſired that they ſhould be ſhut up in a room, and the key delivered to him.

This extraordinary requeſt was immediately complied with. After which, St. Jean, ſhutting the door, addreſſed us as follows, in a low voice.

"You have acquainted me with the plan formed for the marchioneſs's eſcape previous to my unlucky arrival. I will now inform you of the meaſures I ſhall take for its being ſtill carried into execution. The orders I have received are general, and ſimply to arreſt a lady living with this gentleman:—little did I imagine that this lady, the daughter of my benefactor, was the perſon. I will run any riſk to ſecure her eſcape from the danger with which ſhe is threatened; but I hope it may be effected without much. I have informed the party under my command, that the lady we were in ſearch of is in this houſe; that it would be fooliſh to think of moving her until the morning. I have placed ſentinels before and behind the houſe. At one o'clock preciſely there will be a ſoldier at the back-door, whom I believe I might truſt; but it

is unneceſſary, for I ſhall myſelf walk around the houſe at that hour, on the pretence of obſerving whether the ſentinels do their duty. I ſhall then bring the man at the back-door to the front of the houſe, and there amuſe him and his companion with repeated and minute orders, until the marchioneſs and her maid ſhall have full time to withdraw by the back-door, and to get at a diſtance from the houſe, ſo as to arrive at the place where the perſon you mentioned attends to accompany them acroſs the Lake. On the morning," continued St. Jean, "I ſhall be under the neceſſity of conducting this lady," pointing to our landlord's ſiſter, "to a ſmall town between this and Chambery, where the perſon who brought me the commiſſioner's orders waits my arrival. He will no doubt be out of humour when he ſees the miſtake; but he muſt impute it to the want of preciſion in the orders he gave me, and he muſt of courſe releaſe the lady directly."

The ſiſter did not ſeem very fond of this part of St. Jean's plan; but when the brother declared his intention to accompany her, obſerving, at the ſame time, that it would afford her ſatisfaction the reſt of her life to reflect, that, by a ſmall piece of inconvenience, ſhe had been the means of ſaving a perſon ſhe eſteemed from very great diſtreſs, perhaps from death, ſhe agreed.

I could not help expreſſing a fear, however, leſt St. Jean ſhould be ſuſpected of having connived at my eſcape; "for, after all," ſaid I, "the ſoldiers who are here will declare that there were *two* ladies."

"The ſoldiers, my dear madam," ſaid St. Jean, "can declare no ſuch matter; they did not know that there was ſo much as *one* lady here until I informed them, after I went laſt out of this room. That they may not be made acquainted that there are two is the reaſon of my having uſed the precaution of locking up the only perſons who can give them that information."

We all admired the prudence and addre s of St. Jean. After ſome conſultation, it was thought expedient to liberate the man-ſervant, whoſe ſilence and diſcretion his maſter declared he could rely on; and who was highly uſeful, at the appointed hour, in conducting my maid and me to the place, where we found the punctual Genevois in waiting. This worthy man had arranged every thing to my wiſh; and he never quitted us, until he had ſeen us eſtabliſhed ſafely at Vevay.

I ſoon after had the pleaſure of hearing from him, that our hoſt and his ſiſter had both been ſet at liberty a ſhort time after the party had conducted them to the town from whence they ſet out; that St. Jean had ſhowed that he had adhered literally to his orders, and that no blame was attached to him. But I was informed, at the ſame time, of what gave me much inquietude, though I had all along ſuſpected it in part, that the Count was in Savoy; that the order for arreſting me originated in him; that he re-

mained convinced that the information he had received was true; but that he had been perſuaded by St. Jean, that I muſt have left the houſe before his arrival with the party; that St. Jean had been ordered to Italy; and that the Count continued his reſearches for me with redoubled aſſiduity.

All this intelligence my friend the Genevois had received from St. Jean, before he ſet out on his march. I ſhould have directly left Vevay, had I not expected every day to hear from my huſband, or had I known where I could be in more ſafety.

A ſhort time after this I was again on the point of falling into the power of my perſecutor. From that ſupreme miſery I was ſaved by the generous interpoſition and intrepidity of one who, for reaſons with which I am unacquainted, wiſhes not to be mentioned. When I ſhall know that thoſe reaſons no longer exiſt, I ſhall acquaint you with the particulars.

The behaviour of all the Engliſh with

whom I have had any communication, ſince my arrival here, confirms the opinion I have long entertained of your nation: and one acquaintance in particular, which I have made in London, I ſhall ever conſider, my dear miſs Clifford, as one of the moſt happy incidents of my life.

LETTER XXXV.

The COUNTESS DOWAGER *of* DEANPORT *to* JAMES GRINDILL, *Eſq.*

DEAR SIR, London.

I ALWAYS thought Mordaunt of a generous diſpoſition; but as he is, at the ſame time, both a younger brother and a man of faſhion, I never could have imagined that he would have been either able or willing to have advanced ſuch a ſum as would enable you to clear off your debts, and leave Munich in a creditable manner. Men of pleaſure ſeldom have caſh ſufficient to anſwer their own purpoſes; and I hardly ever knew any of them, except mere novices, at their firſt affecting that character, who were willing to accommodate a friend with money, whatever his urgency might be. But Mordaunt of late has, I underſtand, been more a ſoldier than a man of pleaſure.

I am happy it was in my power to

remove the chief obſtacles that exiſted in this country to your return.

Your old friend, Brumton, ſtood out more obſtinately than any of your creditors. He had heard that your relation in Wales was in an ill ſtate of health; and was convinced that, by his death, you would be very ſoon in a condition to pay him the whole debt. Varniſh, my attorney, is a precious fellow: he found means to perſuade Brumton that your relation was out of danger, and that it was a very doubtful matter who would be his heir when he died; on which that affectionate old friend, loſing the hope of receiving his whole debt, came into the ſame terms as your other creditors.

When he ſhall hear, however, that the Welchman has not only relapſed, but alſo that he is attended by a phyſician of your recommending, he will conſider you as in poſſeſſion of the eſtate, and curſe the hour on which he agreed to the compoſition.

As I had been for ſome time extremely

impatient for your arrival in London, you may imagine what a diſappointment it was to me when I underſtood that, immediately on landing, you were under the neceſſity of ſetting out for Wales. I am ſenſible, however, of the propriety of that meaſure, and ſhall now acquaint you with the circumſtances that made me peculiarly deſirous of ſeeing you in town.

In one of your letters from the continent there is a hint which ſhows that you had ſome idea of my having a ſcheme to promote a marriage between my ſon and Miſs Moyſton. I do not give you credit for a vaſt deal of penetration on that account. You muſt naturally have imagined that I could have no other deſign the moment you heard that I cultivated an acquaintance with her and her aunt. On what other account could I have ſubmitted to the penance of viſiting and being viſited by ſuch women? You can have no notion of their vulgarity.

Knowing that they were engaged with a

party to go to the play, I ſeized the opportunity of ſending them an invitation to my box at the opera the ſame night. The niece had the good ſenſe and good manners to remain with her party; but the hideous aunt actually broke her engagement, and came to my box. I was under the neceſſity of ſitting next her the whole night, in the view of a crowded audience. You have ſeen the woman, and know the Gothic ſtyle in which ſhe dreſſes. I declare that Azor was the leaſt frightful monſter of the two. You who know my averſion to be ſeen in public with any one of an unfaſhionable appearance, and have been witneſs to my ſhrinking from my own relations and old companions for no other reaſon, may have an idea of what I ſuffered from the oſtentatious familiarity of this woman; for ſhe continued ſmiling, and nodding, and whiſpering to me, during the whole performance. The truth is, that while ſhe ſeemed to be delighted with her ſituation, and eager to catch the eyes of the ſpectators, I was in

agonies; yet I endeavoured to ſupport my ſpirits with the thought, that, through my ſufferings, my ſon might obtain for his wife the greateſt heireſs in England. Little do children conſider what a tender and affectionate mother is capable of enduring for the laſting good of her offspring!

While I perſevered in my attentions to theſe two women, I often ſpoke to them of my ſon, who at this time was viſiting his eſtate in Ireland: I deſcribed him, you may believe, in the moſt flattering colours, taking particular care to ſuit my deſcription to what I conceived to be the taſte of the niece. One day, being alone with the aunt, I determined to open my views to her; but while in preparation for what I intended, I was enlarging on my ſon's fine qualities, the old lady anticipated my purpoſe, exclaiming—"What a charming match would ſuch an accompliſhed young nobleman make for my niece!"

I received the hint graciouſly, but with becoming dignity.—"My ſincere friendſhip

for her, the high opinion I had formed of her amiable niece's character, were great inducements, and would remove many obſtacles." As I had not the aſſurance to pay the leaſt compliment to the young lady's beauty, I thought it neceſſary to dwell the more on her good ſenſe, her charming humour, and amiable manners, though I ſtrongly ſuſpect that her underſtanding, temper, and beauty, are much on a level. The aunt aſſured me that I had a juſt notion of her niece's character; that ſhe had a great deal more wit than ſhe was willing to diſplay, and a taſte for magnificence, which would render her an ornament to the nobility.

In a ſhort time we came to an underſtanding on the ſubject, for which I had brought about the meeting; and the buſineſs was ſettled, as far as depended on the aunt and me.

I ſoon diſcovered that the niece was as impatient to be a counteſs as the aunt was to be more intimately connected with me.

When my ſon arrived from Ireland, I made

frequent mention of Miſs Moyſton in his preſence. This naturally turned the diſcourſe on her fortune; and I took care that ſome perſon in the company was ſure to make the obſervation—that ſhe was the greateſt heireſs in the iſland. I was in hopes that this would have excited a deſire in my ſon to be introduced to the young lady; but I diſcovered that his mind was at that time engroſſed with the thoughts of purchaſing a mare which had ſtruck his fancy, and he could attend to nothing elſe. As ſoon as I underſtood that he had ſucceeded in obtaining the mare, I again introduced the ſubject of Miſs Moyſton, and gave him a pretty circumſtantial detail of her fortune, having previouſly informed myſelf of the various forms in which her immenſe property is ſecured. I concluded the narrative with the phraſe appropriated for women about to be married, 'that ſhe had every qualification requiſite for rendering the marriage ſtate happy.'

" She is very handſome, of courſe," ſaid he.

I anſwered, " that I was ſure that great beauty could not be reckoned among thoſe requiſites by a man of his diſcernment, as he muſt be acquainted with ſo many inſtances of its having a contrary effect."

To this obſervation he deemed to aſſent, by the habitual bow which he gives for an anſwer when he has no other ready.

I prevailed on him to accompany me to the aunt's houſe, where he was preſented to both ladies: but I blamed myſelf, as ſoon as Miſs Moyſton made her appearance, for not having delayed the preſentation until the evening; becauſe ſhe certainly is one of thoſe young ladies who ſhow to greateſt advantage by candle-light.

I muſt do my ſon the juſtice to confeſs, that, though the ſmile which he had prepared for Miſs Moyſton was converted into ſomewhat of a ſtare when the young lady appeared,

yet he ſoon recovered from his ſurprize, and, on the whole, conducted himſelf fully as well, during this firſt viſit, as I had expected.

As he continued the ſame behaviour when he met them at my houſe, and ſometimes viſited them at their own, I flattered myſelf that every thing was in good train for the accompliſhment of my wiſhes. But ſomething like backwardneſs, on the part of my ſon, has appeared ſince; of which I will give you an account in my next; for I am now obliged to dreſs for lady Faro's aſſembly, from which I would not, on any account, be abſent this particular night, as I have had a foreboding, ever ſince I roſe this morning, that I ſhall be a very conſiderable winner.

You will laugh at my foreboding, and impute it to ſuperſtition; though I really never am ſuperſtitious, unleſs when I am in an ill ſtate of health. My foreboding, at preſent, is founded on what you have often told me is the only juſt baſis for betting, namely, *calcu-*

lation. I have been a conſtant loſer theſe four laſt nights; and, as it is at leaſt ten to one againſt any perſon loſing five nights running, it is clearly the ſame odds in favour of my winning to-night.

Adieu!

E. DEANPORT.

LETTER XXXVI.

The Counteſs of DEANPORT *to the Same.*

London.

I AM ſorry to begin by informing you, that, in ſpite of the odds againſt loſing five nights running, I loſt again laſt night. There is ſomething unnatural in this; it looks like enchantment. You may ſay what you pleaſe, but I am convinced there is a great deal in ſeats. I am determined to be more attentive to this point in future.

I mentioned in my laſt that ſome degree of heſitation reſpecting the object I am ſo much ſet on had appeared on the part of my ſon. He abſtained of a ſudden from viſiting Miſs Moyſton; and when ſhe came to viſit me was generally engaged elſewhere. When I ſpoke to him of the impropriety and imprudence of this conduct, he pretended that it was entirely accidental; that he really had

been engroſſed with buſineſs of importance of late. I aſked, "what buſineſs could poſſibly be of ſo much importance to him as that of ſecuring his domeſtic happineſs for ever, by uniting himſelf to Miſs Moyſton;" adding, "that after a very careful inquiry reſpecting the fortunes of all the heireſſes in England, I could aſſure him that ſhe was the beſt wife he could get by fifty thouſand pounds at leaſt."

He replied, "that the abatement which ought to be made on account of her looks, and other articles, would reduce her fortune to a level with that of ſome other heireſſes."

In reply to this, "I deſired him to recollect of how very little importance the beauty of a wife was to a huſband; and cited ſome of his own acquaintance, who, having been touched with the looks of girls without fortune, had made what are called love-marriages; and who, in the ſpace of a few months, were as completely indifferent about their wives' beauty as any man could be who

had married a woman of fortune without any regard to her looks." To this he made no anſwer; though, from his countenance, I thought my remark made ſome impreſſion on him.—Whether it proceeds from indolence or vacancy (for I need not attempt to conceal from you that lord Deanport has not a great variety of ideas), he ſeldom engages in an argument; and often, when he is entirely of a different opinion from thoſe who endeavour to perſuade him to any meaſure, he ſays nothing againſt it: ſo that many have imagined they had brought him round to their way of thinking, becauſe he remained ſilent, which he did merely to avoid the fatigue of reaſoning.

On the preſent occaſion, however, I thought him a little affected by what I ſaid; and, with a view to gain him entirely, I added, "That unqueſtionably his fortune was very conſiderable; that his Engliſh eſtate, in particular, had been greatly improved by the pains I had beſtowed on it

during his minority; but that he ſtill owed a great ſum: that, by a marriage with Miſs Moyſton he would be freed at once from that burden, be in poſſeſſion of a large ſum of ready money, and a vaſt additional fortune in land, which, by an acceſſion of influence with adminiſtration, would enable him to provide for his friends and dependants at no expenſe to himſelf." I alſo hinted, "that the additional thouſand pounds which he had added to my jointure, before ſo ſhamefully ſmall, would no longer be felt; but that he would even be able to double it, and ſtill have more than twice as much to ſpend as he could afford at preſent."

You have had but too many proofs that lord Deanport knows nothing of true generoſity: what I have heard you remark, my dear ſir, is certainly juſt, that he takes after the contracted character of his father. I hardly ever knew him perform one generous action from the genuine movement of his own heart;

every thing of that nature he ever did was prompted by me, or ſome other perſon; even the addition that he made to my jointure was obtained by the repeated ſuggeſtions of thoſe whom I employed for that purpoſe; and he granted it at laſt more to relieve himſelf from importunity than from any inclination to oblige.

After throwing out the hint above mentioned, I told my ſon, "that I had heard (which I really have) that lord Sordid, ſon of ——— had of late paid particular attention to Miſs Moyſton."

This rouſed him more than any thing I had hitherto ſuggeſted. "Do you imagine," ſaid he, with a tone of contempt, "that I have reaſon to dread lord Sordid as a rival?"

I told him, "that he certainly had not, provided he paid nearly the ſame attention to the lady which that lord did."

"Leſs attention will do," ſaid he, and left me with an air of great ſelf-ſufficiency.

His want of due attention to the lady is my only fear; for, in point of perſon and countenance, my ſon has much the advantage of lord Sordid, as indeed he has of moſt young men of faſhion. I do not recollect one who, in thoſe articles, can be thought his ſuperior, except Mordaunt; and he derives his ſuperiority more from that graceful frankneſs and captivating eaſe of manner, which all the others attempt, but none have caught, than to the excluſive beauty of his face and figure. My ſon, on the contrary, to a ſupercilious addreſs joins a repulſive look; theſe, with his natural indolence, being oppoſed to lord Sordid's fawning aſſiduity, alarmed me ſo much, that I took pains to impreſs both Miſs Moyſton and her aunt with an unfavourable idea of lord Sordid. I repreſented him as the ſlave of avarice, and commented at large on that paſſion as the moſt debaſing for himſelf, and the moſt tormenting to a wife, that a huſband could have. "It is

more teazing to a wife," added I, "than even jealouſy; for that may be lulled, or the effects of it eluded, by a woman of addreſs; but all the cunning of Hermes, and all the ſoporific power of his pipe, are not ſufficient to divert the attention, or ſhut the watchful eyes, of a miſer."

Here the aunt obſerved, "that though ſhe was not acquainted with Hermes, yet ſhe was fully convinced that nothing could be more mortifying to a woman of ſpirit than to have a miſer for her huſband."

This poor woman, I underſtand, was not a little controlled in her expenſes during the life of her huſband; which made her enter very feelingly into my abuſe of lord Sordid: indeed I could hardly exaggerate, it is almoſt impoſſible to repreſent him as more a miſer than he is. Additional fortune would not prevail on him to augment his expenſe in a ſingle article; it would, in reality, inſtead of increaſing his enjoyment, render him more

miſerable, by increaſing his dread of loſing it. The loſs of fifty pounds gives more pain to a miſer than the gain of a thouſand affords pleaſure.

Yet, though all the world plainly ſees that avarice is this noble lord's predominant paſſion, he himſelf is ſo little ſenſible of it, that he is as ready to condemn in others the immoderate love of money as either you or I.

Indeed, I have often had occaſion to obſerve, that the blindneſs of mankind to their own perſonal failings is truly aſtoniſhing.

As I ſee many advantages from my ſon's marriage with Miſs Moyſton, I am impatient to have it concluded before he becomes ſufficiently acquainted with her to take ſo ſtrong a diſguſt as would be quite inſurmountable. I therefore beg, my dear ſir, that you will write to him on this intereſting ſubject: you always had a great deal of influence with him. State the advan-

tages of the match in the ſtrongeſt point of view, and banter him on the weakneſs of permitting any reluctance he may feel reſpecting the young lady's perſon to weigh at all in his mind againſt an object of ſo much greater importance.

I remain, very truly, yours,

E. DRANPORT.

LETTER XXXVII.

The COUNTESS *of* DEANPORT *to the Same.*

London.

I WILL tell you, frankly, that you have diſappointed my expectations, in your letter to my ſon. I ſee the reaſon of it: you had a favour to aſk. You know my ſon's averſion to be importuned, particularly on a ſubject which you think is diſagreeable; and therefore you almoſt entirely elude the topic I recommended to you, leſt your inſiſting on that might indiſpoſe him from granting the other: but you muſt be blind indeed, if you are not ſenſible that, in promoting my ſon's marriage with miſs Moyſton, you greatly promote your own intereſt. When he ſhall be in poſſeſſion of her fortune, and the extenſive influence attending it, you know enough of the unconquerable indolence of his character not

to be certain that all this influence would naturally fall into other hands. Into whoſe hands do you think it would fall? and for whom would that perſon uſe it?

The very firſt effect of it would be, to recompenſe you for your late diſappointment, by placing you in parliament. I am ſenſible that a ſeat would be highly convenient for you at preſent: indeed, it is the only protection which ſeveral very worthy gentlemen of my acquaintance have againſt the inſolence of tradeſmen.

But, over and above that ſecurity, I am perſuaded, that when you are in parliament, and known to have influence with my ſon, your next application to the miniſter will not be followed by the ſame cold neglect that your laſt was.

Your not being a ſpeaker does not account for it: very few of his adherents are of uſe to him in debate; and, were it not for the immenſe power of his own eloquence, and the ingenuity of two or three others, his

meaſures would often remain undefended. Yet ſo much wealth has been accumulated by ſome of the pooreſt of his retainers, and ſuch rank obtained by ſome of the loweſt, that it might be imagined a revolution had taken place in this country as well as in France. It is generally allowed, however, that the miniſter himſelf remains, in point of rank and fortune, nearly where he was before he came into power.

Since I have been led into a ſubject ſo different from the uſual topics of our correſpondence, I will indulge myſelf in a few thoughts, which are ſuggeſted by the occaſion. I have often wondered that, with the ambition you poſſeſs, you have never cultivated a talent for public-ſpeaking; ſince nothing is ſo likely to raiſe a man to ſuch elevated ſituations, in this country, as that ſingle faculty. You muſt be ſenſible, that it is next to impoſſible for any man, however otherwiſe accompliſhed, to hold the place of prime miniſter without it; whereas, if he

poſſeſſes that in a very eminent degree, every other requiſite is taken for granted.

I am perſuaded that it is not yet too late for one of your natural quickneſs and ingenuity: during the reſidence you are at preſent obliged to make in the country, you could not employ the time better than in compoſing ſpeeches, and pronouncing them before a mirror; by which you will acquire becoming geſticulation, and accuſtom yourſelf to retain a ſeries of arguments and illuſtrations in your memory. You will do well to prepare harangues for both ſides; becauſe there is no knowing which party may be uppermoſt by the time you ſhall obtain your ſeat. And, after you have choſen your ſide, and ſhown under whoſe banner you mean to fight, though it will be expected that you ſhould make ſome kind of declaration regarding your future conduct, it will be worth your while to make yourſelf maſter of as many equivocal phraſes as the Engliſh language admits, and

to uſe general expreſſions; that in caſe of your finding it for your intereſt to adopt oppoſite meaſures, you may have little difficulty in explaining away the obvious ſenſe of your former declarations.

From a neglect of this neceſſary precaution, ſeveral perſons of my acquaintance, in other reſpects of diſtinguiſhed prudence, have found themſelves in a very awkward ſituation.

I have been carried inſenſibly from my ſubject; and now, when I intended to reſume, I am interrupted:—it is the aunt herſelf; ſhe is in the drawing-room. She never viſited me before without being accompanied with her niece. I muſt finiſh here, or miſs the poſt. I ſhall write again to-morrow. Do not write to my ſon till you receive my next.

Adieu!

E. D.

P. S. Only write a ſhort line, to tell me how old Phillips is.

LETTER XXXVIII.

The Same to the Same.

London.

THE viſit, by which my letter of yeſterday was interrupted, adds to my former ſolicitude that you ſhould write in the moſt impreſſive terms to my ſon. I hope you are ſufficiently convinced that the plan I am ſo anxious for, beſides gratifying me, will greatly conduce to your own intereſt as well as as that of lord Deanport.

I will now inform you of the cauſe of the aunt's viſit. I no ſooner entered the room than I perceived ſomething had diſturbed the unmeaning ſimper that was wont to dwell among her round and roſy features. She told me, after a good deal of embarraſſment and awkward circumlocution, "that ſhe was extremely ſorry to be obliged to ſpeak on ſuch a ſubject; but that it was impoſſible not to

be hurt at the coldneſs of lord Deanport's behaviour towards her niece, which had appeared ſo very evident at an aſſembly the preceding evening; that it muſt have ſtruck every body; for his lordſhip had hardly ſpoken to her during the whole evening, though ſhe had kept herſelf diſengaged from caſſino, the game ſhe moſt delights in, on purpoſe to converſe with him."

I aſſured her, "that, if I could have any idea of indifference for her niece on the part of my ſon, it would give me the moſt ſenſible uneaſineſs, becauſe I was certain he never could meet with another young lady of equal worth; that I knew he was of the ſame way of thinking; but that he was of an inattentive turn of mind, and often had an air of indifference to the people he loved moſt; that, in ſhort, it was mere habit."

She obſerved, a little ſulkily, "that it was a very bad habit."

I acknowledged it; but added, in extenua-

tion, "that it was a habit which people of high rank were apt to contract without intention. You muſt have obſerved, my dear madam," ſaid I, "how peculiarly *we* are liable to be abſent and inattentive: I am convinced it muſt have occurred to yourſelf ſometimes to have fallen into a kind of reverie, during which you hardly knew your intimate friends or acquaintance."

Flattered with the claſs I had placed her in, her features relaxed ſomewhat of their fullenneſs, and ſhe ſaid, "that, admitting there was juſtice in what I urged, ſtill it ſeemed ſtrange that a man ſhould behave with more coldneſs to the woman he loved than to others."

Endeavouring to remove the force of this obſervation, I began to hint at the effect of very reſpectful love, which ſometimes produced a timidity and an appearance of coldneſs.—She interrupted me with impatience and indignation, ſaying "that ſhe had heard

of exceſſive love and reſpect having been urged as an apology for the greateſt inſult a woman could receive; but that, in her opinion, men who were poſſeſſed of that kind of reſpect had no buſineſs to marry."

I was alarmed at the air of contempt with which ſhe pronounced this, and haſtened to remove the unfavourable impreſſions that I had accidentally given.

"My dear madam," ſaid I, "did you never hear of men who, after being very warm lovers during the whole of their courtſhip, proved very cold huſbands?"

She anſwered, in a very feeling accent, "that ſhe not only had heard of ſuch falſe deceivers, but had known ſome of them."

"Well; and no doubt you muſt alſo have known or heard of men who, after having been very cold and inattentive lovers, became moſt warm and affectionate huſbands."

After a pauſe, ſhe declared ſhe never had.

"This ſurpriſes me," reſumed I, "But

I can aſſure you that lord Deanport will be as ſtrong a proof of the fact as a thouſand inſtances; becauſe he has, from his infancy, had a kind of careleſs, negligent manner, to thoſe he loves beſt. I myſelf, for example, have often experienced it, though, at bottom, he is the moſt affectionate and moſt dutiful of ſons; and to people, on the other hand, for whom he has no real regard, and never wiſhes to ſee in private, he is always very attentive in public. But you muſt remember that it is in mere external behaviour, and in trifling matters, that he diſplays this attention; for, in eſſentials, he has no connection with them: and therefore, my dear madam," concluded I, "you may rely upon it, that, in the ſame degree that my ſon is negligent in matters of mere etiquette, he will be aſſiduous in things of importance; and though you may think him rather a careleſs lover, your niece will find him an affectionate and dutiful huſband; for I know that it is both in his power and nature to be ſo."

This ſeemed to ſatisfy her; and we parted as good friends as ever. I have ſpoken to my ſon on the ſubject; but he is ſo very indolent, and ſo very apt to fail, in every reſolution he makes, and every engagement he comes under, if he has not either ſome internal ſtimulant to excite him, or ſome external monitor to adviſe him, that I earneſtly beg you will put the importance of this whole buſineſs, in as ſtrong a point of view as you can, in your very next letter to him; for, in ſpite of all my inſinuations againſt lord Sordid, if he and his relations continue their attentions to the niece, and my ſon perſeveres in his neglect of her, there is reaſon to dread the event.

Yours, as uſual,

E. DEANPORT.

I expected you would rally me on my notion, that fortune at play often depends on ſeats. You are ſo polite as to tell me that this

is one of the few points in which I betray feminine weakneſs; but all the maſculine reaſoning in the world will not prevent me from believing what I have often ſeen confirmed by experience, though I cannot account for it.

LETTER XXXIX.

The Same to the Same.

London.

I HOPE you have got the ſhort note I ſent you immediately after your laſt to lord Deanport was received. I had only time to inform you how infinitely I was ſatisfied with it: it was indeed a maſter-piece. If you could acquire the ſame art and energy in public-ſpeaking, and took care at the ſame time to ply that art and energy on the right ſide, there is no ſituation to which you would not have well-founded pretenſions.

Your letter had the happieſt effect. How could it fail? You touched every organ of ſenſibility in his frame—you ſtruck every chord which could rouſe his natural languor, and vibrate emotion to his heart: his intereſt, vanity, ambition, jealouſy, were addreſſed in their turn.

The picture you drew of the triumph

of lord Sordid, and the magnificence he would be enabled to diſplay on his marriage with miſs Moyſton, determined my ſon to thwart him, by an immediate renewal of his own aſſiduities. He came and informed me of his determination. I cautioned him to do this in a manner conſiſtent with the account I had lately given of him, which I knew had been faithfully repeated to the niece.

The aunt and niece were equally delighted with the whole of his behaviour. They now thought that the careleſſneſs which had ſhocked them before, and which they believed they ſtill perceived in his addreſs, was on the whole graceful. The young lady's delight was increaſed by the ſplendor of our liveries, and the taſte of my ſon's dreſs on the birth-day. His renown as a minuet-dancer you are no ſtranger to. It would be difficult to decide whether miſs Moyſton was moſt pleaſed with the charms of his face, of his embroidery, or of his dancing; but ſhe ſeemed quite in raptures with the united effect of the three. As

he is now a little familiariſed to the coarſeneſs of her features and the vulgarity of her manners, the impreſſion they at firſt made on him begins to diminiſh, while *that* derived from a contemplation of her wealth ſinks deeper every day. I have good hopes that the whole buſineſs will be happily terminated within a very ſhort time. I regret much that you cannot quit your poſt, were it but for a few days. I ſhould like to have a little converſation with you before I ſpeak to the aunt on the ſubject of ſettlements. On this intereſting ſubject I am not fond of writing.

E. DEANPORT.

LETTER XL.

The Same to the Same.

London.

I AM ſenſible of the wiſdom of what you ſuggeſt, in your laſt, reſpecting the ſettlements. Unqueſtionably, the more of the ready money miſs Moyſton ſhall keep at her own diſpoſal, after marriage, the better will it be for herſelf, and the more convenient for me. I am convinced, with you, that I ſhall find it eaſier to deal with her than with my ſon on certain points.

It is long ſince you made it clear to me, from the indolence, the everlaſting *ennui*, and the total want of reſources in his own mind, that he muſt always be under the management of another, moſt probably of one woman after another. It is evident, however, that miſs Moyſton will never be of the number; ſhe wants that degree of beauty,

and of compliance to his favourite taſtes, without which every other accompliſhment and virtue a woman can poſſeſs would be unſupportable to him. I am ſufficiently aware, that it will be difficult for me long to retain that portion of influence with him that would be agreeable to myſelf, or uſeful to my friends: on which account I was the more impatient to have the ceremony over as ſoon as poſſible; being pretty ſure, that, at the preſent moment, certain arrangements, highly expedient for me, would be complied with, and rendered irrevocable; whereas, from the experience I have already had of my ſon's diſpoſition, he might, at a future period, be leſs obliging.

When every circumſtance ſeemed conducive to the ſpeedy fulfilment of my wiſhes, a new and unexpected incident gave me inquietude, and was the cauſe of my poſtponing writing to you for ſo long a time.

I had hopes that it might prove an ill-founded alarm, and I wiſhed to ſpare you

an uneaſineſs you could not remove; but, as you expreſs as much pain on account of my long ſilence as you will ſuffer from knowing the cauſe of it, I muſt inform you, that lord Deanport is captivated with a new face, to ſuch a degree, that he again relaxes in his attentions to miſs Moyſton. It muſt be admitted, indeed, that if great beauty in a wife could impart as laſting and ſolid happineſs to a huſband as great fortune, my ſon would act wiſely in preferring this interloper; for ſhe ſurpaſſes miſs Moyſton as much in the allurements of face and perſon as the latter does her in thoſe of fortune. But he has already given proofs, which I need not mention to you, that mere beauty never could fix him above a month; whereas his attachment to money ſeems to increaſe with his years: and beſides, putting beauty entirely out of the queſtion on the one part, and fortune on the other, miſs Moyſton would be a much more commodious wife for my ſon than this new charmer. The former, poor creature,

as ſoon as ſhe finds herſelf entirely neglected by her huſband, as moſt aſſuredly ſhe will be, if Deanport proves to be her man, will directly fall to pouting, crying, and upbraiding, until, finding them of no effect, ſhe will, at laſt, ſink into tameneſs and ſubmiſſion, and become a ſlave for life, with the title of counteſs: whereas, from what I have already ſeen of the other, I ſtrongly ſuſpect that ſhe is infinitely more likely to govern his lordſhip than to be governed by him.

The name of the damſel in queſtion is Clifford: ſhe is daughter of Northumberland Clifford, whom you muſt remember. He lived ſome time abroad after the death of his wife: he took this girl with him, and, I underſtand, returned about two years ago, and ſoon after died. He was cried up by ſome people as a man of ſtrong ſenſe, and even what they call genius. I was a little acquainted with him before his marriage; but I could not bear his wife, and ſo I dropped both. The girl reſides at preſent with Mr.

Darnley, who is married to her aunt. What does not tend to remove any prejudice I may have againſt this miſs, is her being a favourite of that ſtately prop of ſtale virginity, lady Diana Franklin, who, of all thoſe whom I hate, is the perſon I hate the moſt. This is placing her ladyſhip at the head of a pretty numerous band.

When I perceived that lord Deanport was more than uſually attentive to Miſs Clifford, I thought it requiſite to inform myſelf a little of her temper and diſpoſition, and with that view drew her into converſation two or three times, at the aſſemblies where I occaſionally met her: but obſerving that Miſs Moyſton could not bear to ſee me ſpeak to her, I ſaw it would not be ſafe to continue ſo long as to enable me to form a judgment of her character, though I could not help being ſtruck with her manner, which, it muſt be confeſſed, is at once eaſy and dignified, and as cruelly contraſted with poor Miſs Moyſton's vulgar and conſtrained addreſs

as the ſweet countenance of the one is with the ſour aſpect of the other.

Knowing that Mrs. Demure, the rich, handſome widow, viſited Mrs. Darnley, Miſs Clifford's aunt, and having obſerved that ſhe made greatly up to the young lady, I thought I might learn ſomething of her character and diſpoſition from the widow: I therefore called on her, in the hope of obtaining the information I wiſhed. On my mentioning Miſs Clifford, ſhe inſtantly ſet off on a full canter of panegyric—"Oh! ſhe was the moſt delightful, moſt amiable, beſt-natured young woman ſhe had ever known," with many accompliſhments which ſhe was enumerating; when I ſtopped her in the middle of her career, by obſerving, "that *no woman* in London ſeemed to be ſo much the object of admiration as her friend." She changed colour at this remark; and, after drawing her breath a little longer than uſual, ſaid—"Miſs Clifford, unqueſtionably, is very much admired."

"Nay," ſaid I, "I only mean *by the men*; for I know that the women in general prefer others."

"And pray," ſaid Mrs. Demure, "whether does your ladyſhip think men or women the beſt judges?"

"The women, without doubt," anſwered I.

"I am completely of your ladyſhip's opinion," ſaid ſhe.

"I mean," reſumed I, "that women are infinitely the beſt judges of every thing that is truly worthy of admiration, of every quality that a woman of a well-formed mind can be ſolicitous about; in ſhort, of every thing except mere external beauty: of that, to be ſure, my dear madam, the men are the beſt judges; and they, with one voice, give it in favour of your beloved friend, Miſs Clifford."

"I did not know," ſaid ſhe, with a face which had ſuddenly changed from pale to crimſon, "that they were ſo unanimous."

"O yes!" cried I, (for I love to torment envious people)—"O yes, my dear, quite unanimous, as to face and ſhape.—I heard," continued I, "the duke of ——, and you know that nobody ſtudies female beauty more minutely than his grace—Well, I heard him declare, that nothing had appeared equal in beauty to Miſs Clifford ſince the reign of the Gunnings."

"The duke," ſaid ſhe, checking a ſigh and forcing a ſmile, "is an admirer of the beauties of the laſt age, or of foreign countries.—It is ſufficient for Miſs Clifford to have lived ſome years in Italy and France to obtain *his* admiration."

I ſaid "I was ignorant that his grace gave ſo great a preference to foreigners."

"Did you not know," ſaid ſhe, "that he is in love with the whole French emigration? did you not know that theſe French women are attempting to give the *ton* in London as much as they ever did at Paris? and as for

my friend, Miſs Clifford, ſhe has more the air of an emigrant than of an Engliſh woman."

I owned I had not obſerved it; but ſhe aſſerted that it was moſt apparent; adding, "that ſhe not only had acquired the air, but likewiſe the ſentiments and manners, of the French ladies, which," continued ſhe, "are far more *free and eaſy* than thoſe of our countrywomen, and, probably, more *to the taſte of the men*, whom your ladyſhip thinks the beſt judges of beauty."

I was pleaſed to hear an inſinuation of this nature; becauſe lord Deanport, with that equity which diſtinguiſhes your ſex, while he allows himſelf the utmoſt latitude, is wonderfully rigid in his notions reſpecting the conduct of women. His delicacy in that point is carried to a height that you could hardly have conceived in a man who has ſo very little in his behaviour towards them.

With all the inclination in the world to believe Mrs. Demure's inſinuations juſt, I con-

feſs I have ſome doubts on that head: firſt, becauſe I know the widow to be as malicious as a monkey, and as envious as an old maid; and, in the ſecond place, becauſe I recollect a very judicious obſervation of yours, when Miſs ——, then in the bloom of her beauty, was given as the author of a certain report to *my* diſadvantage—'*The inſinuations of one handſome woman,*' you ſaid, '*againſt another of ſuperior beauty, are never to be believed.*'

I will, however, make inquiries concerning mademoiſelle Clifford, from thoſe whoſe teſtimony is more to be depended on than Mrs. Demure's. She is too handſome not to have been expoſed to many attacks, and particularly to thoſe of ſcandal; yet, unleſs it be the hints above mentioned, I have heard nothing to her diſadvantage. I plainly perceive that both the aunt and niece are alarmed, and, I fear, with too much reaſon. How provoking, after all the trouble I have taken, if this thoughtleſs young man ſhould throw himſelf away at laſt! I am much at a loſs how to

proceed, and heartily wiſh you could come to town, were it but for a week. I have things to conſult you on which I cannot truſt on paper. You will come, I am ſure, if you poſſibly can,

E. DEANPORT.

LETTER XLI.

From the Same to the Same.

I CANNOT help obſerving, my good ſir, that your letters have been wonderfully laconic of late: your laſt was in the mercantile ſtyle, preciſely confined to the *needful.* In your preſent confinement you muſt have much time on your hands: pray correct in your next letter the fault of which I complain.

I am ſtill uneaſy on account of this Miſs Clifford; it is evident that my ſon becomes every day more attached to her: what will ſurprize you, however, ſhe ſeems to be indifferent about him. This, in all probability, proceeds from affectation: if ſo, miſs is a little out in her politics; ſhe would have ſucceeded better with lord Deanport by affecting to be in love with him. This ſtratagem would fail indeed with a woman ſo very

plain in her appearance as Miſs Moyſton, or any other who did not, to a certain degree, pleaſe his fancy; but I am convinced, from what I have obſerved in his diſpoſition, that a woman who pleaſed him, though ever ſo little at firſt, and who would infallibly loſe him by apparent indifference, might gradually draw him on to matrimony merely by affecting an irreſiſtable paſſion for him. You could hardly have an idea how many women of my acquaintance have obtained very comfortable marriages, by making men, who would not otherwiſe have ever thought of them, believe that they ſecretly languiſhed for them. A large ſhare of vanity, with a moderate portion of good nature, diſpoſes a man to fall into this ſnare. You lords of the creation have in general a far greater proportion of the firſt than of the ſecond: yet I know a remarkable inſtance in which there appeared an equal ſhare of both. A man of fortune, a relation of my huſband, arrived at the age of fifty without the ſmalleſt inclination to marry.

He had been long acquainted with a maiden lady, about ten years younger than himſelf, with a conſiderable fortune, but with a diſagreeable countenance, and a diſpoſition reſembling her face. The man thought no more of propoſing marriage to her than to the Dutch pug ſhe always had in her lap.

By the failure of a houſe in the city ſhe loſt three-fourths of her fortune. A female acquaintance of hers happened to lament this misfortune to my huſband's relation; adding, as an aggravation, that, as ſhe had now loſt all her money, her old friends would no longer admit her into their loo-parties, and the poor woman would not know what to do with herſelf: ſhe concluded by aſſuring him that this unfortunate lady had long harboured a ſecret fondneſs for him.

My huſband's relation made propoſals of marriage to the lady, and of courſe married her next day.

My huſband was greatly aſtoniſhed, and a little provoked, at this ſtep of his relation,

"Did you marry her for her fortune?" ſaid my lord, ironically, to the huſband.

"Certainly not," anſwered he.

"Was it for the ſake of her beauty?" added my lord.

"No; I cannot ſay it was," replied the other.

"Did you marry her for the ſake of her ſweet temper?"

"Not in the leaſt," anſwered the other.

"In the devil's name, for whoſe ſake did you marry ſuch a woman?" exclaimed my lord.

"I married her for God's ſake," anſwered the huſband, with reſignation.

My ſon, it is true, is in little danger of acting from the ſame motive; but he is aſſuredly fond of miſs Clifford; and were ſhe to ſhow a partiality for him, I ſhould tremble for the conſequence.

I underſtand that ſhe rides uncommonly well; that, in the north, ſhe uſed ſometimes to hunt. It is ſurpriſing that ſuch excurſions have not given riſe to ſome ſtories that would be worth communicating to my ſon:

perhaps ſome ſuch may exiſt, though confined to Northumberland; if ſo, I am in a fair way of hearing of them. I have learnt that a certain Mr. Proctor had for many years the management of Clifford's eſtate, and lived in great intimacy with his family. The man, however, I am told, is rather on ill terms with young Clifford, and of courſe will not be diſpoſed to conceal any thing he knows to the diſadvantage of the family. This man is in opulent circumſtances, a widower, about the age of fifty, and has the reputation of being a very prudent man. You will probably ſuſpect the truth of the laſt article, when I inform you that he lately made a propoſal of marriage to a blooming laſs of twenty-two. You muſt remember Peggy Almond, the handſome girl you have ſeen with me in Yorkſhire. As ſhe has little or no fortune, her aunt, and other relations, were all eager for her accepting ſo advantageous an offer; and, the girl herſelf having more love for his fortune than averſion againſt his perſon, the match would have

taken place, had I not interfered. I certainly was of more uſe to Mr. Proctor, on this occaſion, than all his prudence; for I perſuaded the girl to decline the offer; repreſenting him as a moroſe, vulgar old man, who would coop her up in a gloomy houſe in Northumberland, and prevent her from ever ſeeing London, or faſhionable life, any more. My reaſon was, that if the man had really been ſo mad as to marry her, I ſhould have loſt her company, which I find rather an amuſing reſource when I go to the ſeat in Yorkſhire. I, underſtanding that he is ſoon to be at York, when of courſe he will viſit the aunt, with whom Peggy lives, I have written to her to draw from him all the information ſhe can reſpecting the Clifford family, and particularly the private hiſtory of mademoiſelle. That ſhe may do this with the more zeal, I have given her reaſon to hope that I may ſend for her ſoon to the capital. You cannot have an idea of the power of this bribe on the mind of a girl deep-read in

plays and novels, who is conſtrained to live in the country, and is intoxicated with admiration of the amuſements of the town. If Mr. Proctor had offered to carry her, for two or three months every ſeaſon, to London, ſhe would have accepted his hand, in ſpite of all I could have ſaid or done. Indeed, it was by aſſuring her that I would take her thither with me laſt ſeaſon that I prevailed on her to reject his ſuit; which I no ſooner knew ſhe had done, than I wrote a moſt affectionate epiſtle, in which I ſtated to her an inſurmountable reaſon for leaving her behind; and poor Peggy was obliged to return to her aunt at York, diſappointed of a huſband; and, what ſhe felt as ſeverely, diſappointed of a journey to London.

Though this girl is a real reſource to me in the country, I have not the leaſt need of her in town, and have therefore always found pretexts for leaving her behind. On the preſent occaſion, however, I thought it expedient to throw out the old lure to her,

which, whether I may find it convenient to verify her expectations or not, will render her happy in the mean time; for I am convinced ſhe thinks and dreams of nothing but London ever ſince ſhe received my laſt letter.

You ſhall know, in good time, the effect of her inquiries concerning miſs Clifford. In the mean time I endeavour, by every means in my power, to keep miſs Moyſton and her aunt in good-humour: the latter is the moſt troubleſome of the two. She inſiſts on making me acquainted with her moſt intimate friends and relations, all of whom ſhe characteriſes as the beſt kind of people in the world, and perfectly genteel; and all of whom I find of the moſt diſguſting vulgarity. The unconſcionable woman inſiſted on my accompanying her to lady Mango's route, to which I had previouſly determined not to go, having already found it a ſervice, not only of great fatigue, but alſo of ſome danger.

But, you will ſay, "Who is lady Mango?"

That is a queſtion which requires an anſwer at ſome length.—If I find leiſure, you ſhall have it; for this woman's hiſtory is ſingular enough.

E. DEANPORT.

LETTER XLII.

The Countess of DEANPORT *to Miss* ALMOND, YORK.

MY DEAR PEGGY. London.

YOU were witness to the pain I felt on our separation:—the same cruel circumstances which prevented me from bringing you with me to town have also prevented my answering any of the kind letters I have received from you since my arrival. You cannot imagine how I have been worried with business; but it is now almost over, and I am in some hopes that I may still have it in my power to send for you before the end of the season. I hope your aunt, to whom I beg you will present my affectionate compliments, will be prevailed on to part with you. We shall return together to Yorkshire; and, after you are tired with the amusements of the town, I anticipate the rural felicity we shall enjoy at Willow-Bank.

In one of your letters you inform me, that it is univerſally believed in Yorkſhire that lord Deanport is immediately to be married to Miſs Moyſton; and in your laſt you ſay that you have juſt heard of his having fallen in love with Miſs Clifford of Northumberland; which, it was thought, would break the intended match. You have too much good ſenſe, my dear, to believe all the idle ſtories that are circulated; and I hope you have a better opinion of my ſon's underſtanding, than to imagine that he would act contrary to reaſon and propriety. Miſs Moyſton is a virtuous young lady, worthy of the hand of the firſt nobleman of this kingdom. As for the Miſs Clifford you mention, I know little or nothing about her; but I will own to you, as a friend, that you have excited my curioſity to know ſomewhat of that damſel. They tell me ſhe has been a good deal abroad, and has much the appearance of a French woman. I ſhould like to know on what account ſhe went abroad ſo *unexpectedly*, what *rumours*

were excited in the country on that head, and how ſhe ſpent her time in Northumberland after her return: I hear ſhe uſed to hunt a good deal. Of theſe and other particulars concerning her, you may procure me a circumſtantial account from your old friend Mr. Proctor, who lived on an intimate footing with Miſs Clifford's father, and had the management of his affairs when he was abroad. I approved of your refuſing Mr. Proctor, notwithſtanding his ſuppoſed wealth; becauſe he is a retired kind of man, and lives not in that ſphere of life in which you are formed for ſhining. I am glad, however, to hear that he ſtill continues the victim of your eyes; becauſe he may have it in his power to be uſeful to you in various ways.

I hear he is ſoon to be at York; and will no doubt be frequently at your aunt's during his ſtay. You will then find opportunities of getting the information I want.

I dare ſay that you will manage the buſineſs with your uſual addreſs, and without

letting it be known that I am the perſon for whom you make the inquiries. You ſhall know at meeting on what account I am deſirous of having this information; for which I am the more impatient, becauſe the ſooner it comes the ſooner will it be in my power to ſend for you.

I remain yours affectionately,

E. D.

LETTER XLIII.

The Counteſs of DEANPORT *to* JAMES GRINDILL, *Eſq.*

London.

LADY Faro was ſeized with a violent indigeſtion, after ſupping very heartily on capon ſtuffed with truffles. This terrified her to ſuch a degree, that ſhe has changed the night of her aſſembly from Sunday to Monday. She is ſtill very ill, but I ſincerely hope ſhe will recover; for it would be very hard were ſhe to make her eſcape before I had one other chance for the money ſhe won from me laſt week.

Meanwhile, as none of my acquaintance who have card parties on Sunday are as yet come to town, I ſhall employ this evening in endeavouring to amuſe myſelf and you with the hiſtory I promiſed. Lady Mango is the offspring of a reſpectable grocer in the city, who, having a variety of daughters, thought

it a prudent ſpeculation to ſend the handſomeſt, and moſt troubleſome of them, on a matrimonial venture to Bengal; where ſhe had the good luck to hit the fancy of Mr. Mango, juſt after he had made an immenſe fortune by ſome very advantageous contracts. He paid aſſiduous court to the girl, made her ſplendid offers, and was in hopes of bringing the intrigue to a happy concluſion without marriage; but, profiting by the experience ſhe had had previous to her leaving London, ſhe rejected all terms in which that ceremony was not an article. After á hard ſtruggle between his prudence and his paſſion, the latter obtained the victory, and Mr. Mango was married to Miſs Figgs.

He was one of thoſe men who put a great importance on whatever contributes, even in the ſmalleſt degree, to their own eaſe; and little or none to what conduces, even in the greateſt degree, to the eaſe of others. This diſpoſition is by no means very uncommon; but Mr. Mango poſſeſſed it in rather a greater

degree than uſual. In him, however, this did not proceed from any poſitive cruelty of temper; but merely from an indolence of mind, which prevented him from ever thinking of any body's ſenſations but his own. In the Eaſt Indies, where men of his fortune travel in palanquins, have ſlaves to fan the flies from them while they repoſe, and are ſurrounded by the moſt obſequious dependants, this kind of indulgence of ſelf, and forgetfulneſs of others, may be carried greater lengths without a check than in England. Mr. Mango was obliged to his wife for inſtructing him, that another perſon in his own family, beſides himſelf, had a will of their own; and that it would tend to his tranquillity to follow that perſon's will inſtead of his own. This ſhe accompliſhed without the aſſiſtance of genius; and without any talent whatever, except obſtinacy; for in all other reſpects ſhe was a weak woman. She made it a rule to inſiſt, with unremitting perſeverance, on every meaſure ſhe propoſed, until it

When a boy at ſchool, his comrades, for ſome whimſical reaſon, when they wiſhed to teaze him, uſed to call him *Sir Jeremiah*. Nothing provoked him ſo much; and he held in utter abhorrence the appellation ever after. He never ſigned Jeremiah, but always J. Mango. His correſpondents were inſtructed to addreſs their letters to him in the ſame manner. If he received one with *Jeremiah* at full length, it put him out of humour the whole day.

Moſt unfortunately for this gentleman, the huſband of one of his wife's acquaintance was knighted; and his ſpouſe, of courſe, inſtead of Mrs. Lotion, was called lady Lotion. This was a great mortification to Mrs. Mango, who conſidered herſelf as the ſuperior of this acquaintance, becauſe her huſband was richer, and becauſe, as ſhe aſſerted, ſhe was ſprung from a more ancient and honourable family of grocers than the other.

Mr. Mango having come home one day in a gayer humour than uſual to dinner,—after a

little preface, his ſpouſe ſaid, "that his friends were ſurpriſed that he did not apply to be created a knight."

The poor man turned pale in an inſtant, and burſt into a cold ſweat: he well knew the conſequence of having that dignity conferred on him would be to have the deteſted name of Sir Jeremiah ſounded in his ears for the reſt of his life. He had often thanked his ſtars that this idea had never entered his wife's head, and had once cautioned one of his friends never to mention, in her preſence, the name of a relation of his, who made a continual diſplay of a foreign badge upon his breaſt, and had *Sir* pronounced before his name. The ſame friend told me, that Mr. Mango, in the fulneſs of his heart, on this affecting ſubject, had expreſſed himſelf, with ſome variation, in the words of Othello:

——— "It has pleaſed heaven
To try me with affliction,
To ſteep me in marriage to the very lips,
To give to captivity me and my utmoſt hopes;

Yet ſtill I find, in ſome place of my ſoul,
A drop of comfort.—I am not yet
A fixed figure for the time of ſcorn
To point his ſlow unmoving finger at"——

"For," continued he, in a leſs emphatic tone, "though I hear frequently of wives teazing their huſbands to apply to be made knights, yet that curſed fantaſy has never occurred to mine; and I hope to ſlip quietly out of the world without being branded with the horrid appellation of Sir Jeremiah."

Such being Mr. Mango's ſentiments, it is eaſy to imagine how much he muſt have been ſhocked at what his wife ſaid. He made no immediate reply, having ſome faint hope that it was a tranſient idea which ſhe might never reſume. But when Mrs. Mango repeated what ſhe had ſaid, he meekly repreſented to her the horror he felt at the thought of having the odious name of Sir Jeremiah continually reſounded in his ears, and earneſtly begged that ſhe would not inſiſt on a meaſure

which would ſubject him to ſuch a mortification.

To this Mrs. Mango replied, " that he was to blame in diſliking the name of Jeremiah; that, though not a royal name, like thoſe of David, and Solomon, and Rehoboam, and others, yet it was a ſcripture-name as much as any of them, and the name of a great prophet; that, although the French revolution had decreaſed the number of kings, and increaſed that of prophets, yet a great prophet was as great a rarity as a great king, and in a ſhort time, perhaps, would be a greater; that the appellation of Sir Jeremiah, therefore, was at leaſt as reſpectable as that of Sir any thing elſe. She alſo repreſented that every alderman, contractor, apothecary, phyſician, and broker in London, who had ſcraped together one half of his fortune, applied to be created a baronet or knight; that the difference was nothing to her; and, as he had no children, was as little to him; but that it was

indiſpenſably neceſſary that he ſhould be the one or the other."

Mr. Mango was too well acquainted with the perſevering temper of his wife to have any hope, after this declaration, of prevailing on her to renounce her whim. He well knew that the ſame repreſentation, in more acrimonious terms, would be made to him at breakfaſt, dinner, and ſupper, as well as in bed, until the point was carried; he therefore thought it beſt to conteſt the matter no longer; but, making a virtue of neceſſity, applied to a friend who had ſome ſmall intereſt at court, and he was ſoon after created a knight, and was, to his ſorrow, denominated Sir Jeremiah; and his wife, to her great ſatisfaction, became lady Mango.

After this, ſhe gave entertainments more unmercifully than ever: ſhe invited all the Weſt as well as the Eaſt Indies to her routs and aſſemblies, at which ſhe glitters with gold and jewels, like the queen of Sheba

at Bartholomew-fair, and never fails to gather ſuch a crowd, that her company are as well ſqueezed as at any aſſembly or rout within the bills of mortality. I was preſent at one in very hot weather, when ſeveral women fainted; and a corpulent lady, dreſſed in black, with a maſs of white plumage on her head, happening to enter at the inſtant, Mr. Travers, who ſtood by me, ſaid, "Thank heaven! here comes a hearſe to carry off the dead bodies."

But poor Mr. Mango did not long ſurvive the name of Sir Jeremiah: it gave a knell to his heart, and a kind of hectic ſuffuſed his cheek as often as he heard it pronounced. He dwindled and died at no diſtant date after he received the honour of knighthood.

Though his fate was evident ſeveral weeks before it took place, Mrs. Mango would never admit that he was in any danger, nor ever altered her own way of living. She told her company, that he delighted in ſeeing every body merry around him: but, when

ſhe was told that her huſband was actually dead, ſhe made as great a diſplay of ſurprize and ſorrow as if, in the midſt of perfect health, he had dropped down in an apoplexy.

Her ſorrow, however, became real, when his laſt will was examined. She knew that he had made *one* will, by which ſhe was left a large ſum; but ſhe did not know that he had afterwards made another, cancelling the firſt, and leaving the whole of his fortune among his relations; ſo that ſhe has nothing but the jointure granted by her contract of marriage. *That*, however, is ſufficiently ample to enable her to indulge her only paſſion, by giving frequent entertainments, in all of which ſhe is ſure to appear as ridiculous, though not ſo magnificently dreſſed, as in the days of her huſband. The Moyſtons aſſure me that I am a very great favourite of lady Mango.—I cultivate her partly as a ſubject of laughter, but chiefly becauſe ſhe is admired by the Moyſtons. The outlines

of the foregoing portrait I had from the aunt. The colouring you will, at firſt ſight, perceive to be that of

Your humble ſervant,

E. DEANPORT.

LETTER XLIV.

JAMES GRINDILL, *Esq.* *to the* COUNTESS *of* DEANPORT.

Phillipshall.

NOTHING could be more deſtructive of all your ladyſhip's projects, with regard to lord Deanport, than his attachment to miſs Clifford. I ſaw her firſt as I paſſed through Lauſanne, where ſhe then reſided with her father. She was even then univerſally admired, not only on account of her beauty, but alſo for the acuteneſs of her underſtanding. I was afterwards informed, that a young Engliſhman, of immenſe fortune, had fallen in love with her, propoſed marriage, and offered ſettlements, which few peers could, with leſs inconvenience, have made good. Her refuſal of this gentleman was the more ſurpriſing, becauſe he was of a character which women in general wiſh moſt to find in a huſband; handſome, liberal, and of ſo

pliant a temper, that ſhe could not have failed to have had the entire diſpoſal of him and his fortune. What do you think was the girl's objection? She diſcovered, that, notwithſtanding his having had an univerſity-education, he had not the leaſt taſte for reading; of courſe, was rather ignorant; and, in her opinion, forſooth, greatly beneath the intellectual ſtandard which ſhe thought indiſpenſable; and ſhe viewed him with a kind of compaſſion, bordering on contempt. The moſt ſurpriſing part of the ſtory is, that the father, inſtead of combating the childiſh and romantic notions of his daughter, rather encouraged them. Thus this man of *ſtrong ſenſe and genius* loſt an opportunity of marrying his daughter advantageouſly; which a man of common ſenſe, without a particle of genius, would have ſeized.

This very ſingular prejudice of the girl in favour of pedants, I preſume, did not laſt long; for in France and Italy ſhe was diſtinguiſhed for the graces and accompliſhments

peculiar to her ſex; ſeemed to know the full value of even her *external* charms, and to have the ſame taſte with other beauties, for admiration on their account.

There can be no doubt of her having ſeverely repented the egregious folly of her conduct at Lauſanne, which indeed nothing but youth and inexperience could render at all excuſable. The more ſenſibly ſhe feels for her error, the more anxious will ſhe be to repair it, when a ſimilar opportunity occurs.

As for her airs of indifference reſpecting lord Deanport, they proceed, I am convinced, from coquetry, and are intended to fan his flame up to the marrying point; for, though naturally of a lively temper, yet I underſtand that ſhe is of a very different character from her brother, who is one of the moſt raſh, headſtrong young fellows alive, everlaſtingly in one ſcrape or another.

But, though ſhe may deſerve the character of being far more circumſpect than

him, it is by no means improbable that, during her reſidence abroad, or ſince her return, ſhe may have been ſufficiently unguarded in her conduct to leave room for conſtructions which would have a ſtrong effect on the ſuſpicious mind of lord Deanport; but this muſt be managed with great delicacy; any attempt to prejudice him againſt her, without being ſucceſsful, would rivet him more to her than ever. Nobody knows, better than your ladyſhip, how eaſy it is for a woman to convince her lover of her innocence, and to turn his rage againſt her accuſers. Whatever accounts you may receive from miſs Almond, therefore, I dare ſay you will be cautious reſpecting the manner and terms in which they are communicated to your ſon.

Your ladyſhip may think the idea whimſical; but I cannot help being of opinion, that your ſon might be cured of his partiality for this lady by inſinuations of a different nature. You muſt have obſerved, that he ne-

ver could endure the company of perſons of diſtinguiſhed genius; and, though nobody can be more fond of the reputation of wit, or more ready to diſplay every ſpark of that kind that occurs to his imagination, yet he hates the ſame diſpoſition in thoſe who are more ſucceſsful than himſelf. He can bear *no rival near the throne:* he ſhuns all companies in which he is not conſidered as ſupreme, not only in rank, but repartee. He finds little difficulty with reſpect to the firſt; but, when he adheres rigorouſly to the laſt article, his ſociety is confined to admiring dependants, liſteners, and others, whom your ladyſhip uſed to expreſs uneaſineſs at ſeeing him connected with. This prejudice againſt the ſociety of men of talents or genius he has in a ſtill ſtronger degree againſt women of the ſame deſcription. He cannot bear the company of a female who has the leaſt pretenſion of that kind: and I am very much miſtaken, if all the paſſion he feels for miſs Clifford could maintain its ground againſt the

diſlike he has to women of diſtinguiſhed wit and underſtanding, which he cannot always ſuppreſs, even to his neareſt relations. I am not abſolutely convinced that you yourſelf are, on all occaſions, an exception.

In my humble opinion, therefore, you have a better chance of breaking his connection with miſs Clifford by repreſenting her to him as a woman of ſpirit, highly accomplished and intelligent, than by inſinuations to the prejudice of her character in any reſpect; beſides, her whole conduct and converſation will tend to confirm your repreſentations reſpecting the firſt, and to deſtroy the credit of the ſecond.

I underſtand, indeed, that though miſs Clifford really poſſeſſes a good deal of wit, ſhe is not ſo apt to exhibit it in mixed company as moſt people of wit are: it may be neceſſary, therefore, to engage ſome of your female acquaintance to provoke her, in the preſence of his lordſhip, by an attack on

ſome of her abſent friends; this will certainly throw her off her guard, and ſhe will defend them with a ſpirit which will ſhow her in her true colours: or, if you ſhould not have an opportunity for this, it would anſwer the ſame purpoſe to invent a few *bon-mots* (an eaſy taſk for your ladyſhip), and have them repeated to your ſon as the happy effuſions of miſs Clifford's wit.

I have heard of the Mr. Proctor you mention: he is a weak man. He rejected very tempting offers for his intereſt at an election, though he had no other connection with the candidate he ſupported than his having been the friend of Clifford, the father: this ſeems next to idiotiſm; for Mr. Clifford was, at that time, dead.

However his love to miſs Almond, and hatred to young Clifford, may prompt him to diſcloſe circumſtances, reſpecting his ſiſter, which may promote your ladyſhip's ſcheme, I muſt repeat, that you cannot be too cau-

tious of avoiding any inſinuations againſt the young lady, whoſe falſehood is likely to be diſcovered to your ſon.

I am extremely concerned that I cannot leave this place at preſent. Beſides his bodily diſeaſe, my poor couſin is in ſo very weak a ſtate of mind, that he could be ſwayed to any thing by thoſe around him; and I can truſt none of them. I do not believe that any deed he could execute, in his preſent ſtate, would be valid in law; but I am *not* certain that it would not; and ſtill leſs what he might be induced to do if I were abſent: I am reſolved, therefore, not to quit my poſt till all is over. There is no knowing how long he may linger, for the doctors cannot perſuade him to take any of their preſcriptions.

I hope lord Deanport is fully ſenſible of the obligations he lies under to your ladyſhip for the great attention you have always paid to his intereſt, and that he will ſhow his gratitude in the moſt ſubſtantial manner as ſoon as his marriage with miſs Moyſton is

concluded; but I do believe *that*, or ſome other event of the ſame nature, muſt previouſly take place. He may, I imagine, be prevailed on to part with what he feels ſuperfluous; but I queſtion greatly whether any ſenſe of obligation will make him yield to another what he thinks in the ſmalleſt degree neceſſary to himſelf.

I admire the portrait prodigiouſly that your ladyſhip was ſo obliging as to ſend me, eſpecially the colouring, which, in my opinion, is exquiſite. It is long ſince I knew that you were a very ingenious artiſt, but I was unacquainted with your chief excellence before. There is one other uſe, however, which you might make of lady Mango and her Eaſt-India friends, beſides that of turning them into ridicule: they generally play deep, and ſome of them very inattentively. I dare ſwear your ladyſhip would win from moſt of them, in whatever *feat* you were placed.

I remain your ladyſhip's moſt obedient
and faithful ſervant,

J. GRINDILL.

P. S. Your ladyſhip is ſo admirable a painter, that I ſhould be highly obliged for a ſketch of the fair widow Demure, from your pencil. You ſeem to think me better acquainted with her than I am.

LETTER XLV.

LADY DEANPORT *to* JAMES GRINDILL, *Eſq.*

London.

I WILL not be ſo uncandid as to diſpute the validity of your reaſons for remaining fixed to your poſt. I ſhould never forgive myſelf, if, in conſequence of your yielding to my ſolicitation, your couſin were influenced by thoſe around him to make ſettlements prejudicial to your intereſt. Whilſt I regret your abſence, therefore, I cannot help approving of your perſeverance.

You ſhall have the ſketch you deſire, of the widow Demure:—though ſhe tries to conceal ſome of her ſtrongeſt features, I think I have caught them all.

I beg you to take notice of my goodneſs, in complying with your requeſt, at the very inſtant when you refuſe mine.

Mrs. Demure's father had a large eſtate in

one of our Weſt-India iſlands: her mother was a native of that country. When they quitted it, to eſtabliſh themſelves in England, their family conſiſted of two ſons and a daughter; ſo that, although the father was rich, this daughter had but a moderate portion.

The Chriſtian-names of Mary, Ann, Elizabeth, &c. which it was anciently the cuſtom in this iſland for parents to beſtow upon their daughters, began, ſome years ago, to be changed for Maria, Anna, Eliza. Thoſe, with other royal, imperial, and poetical names, came afterwards ſo much in faſhion, that Carolinas, Charlottas, Auguſtas, Julias, and Sophias, are now to be found in every alley of London; and particularly, as I have been told, in the environs of Covent-garden and Drury-lane. This being the caſe, it was not ſurpriſing that the mode was tranſported to our Weſt-India iſlands.

The name of Mrs. Demure's father was Black; and the Chriſtian name of her grand-

mother, from whom he looked for a legacy, Grizzel. The old lady expected that the child ſhould be named after her; and both the parents agreed that it would be dangerous to diſoblige her: they told her, however, that they wiſhed to add two other very delightful names; and the old lady had the complaiſance to ſay—"That ſhe had no objection to their giving their daughter as many names as they pleaſed, provided hers was one of them." They had already prepared the two names which they thought beſt calculated to correct the vilifying impreſſion of Grizzel. Mrs. Demure's maiden-name, therefore, was Angelina Celeſtina Grizzel Black.

She was only nine years old when ſhe came to England. At twelve or thirteen, when Engliſh females are generally conſidered as children, Angelina Celeſtina had much the appearance of a woman. She was already beautiful. The advance of time promiſed perfection to the riſing beauties of her perſon, and opened freſh charms in her counte-

nance. The effect of time, on the charms of the mother, was directly the reverſe.—She did not perceive this in her looking-glaſs; but ſhe became ſenſible of it in a manner ſtill more mortifying, by an evident diminution in the attentions of the men, which began to turn from herſelf to her daughter; and the beauties of the one ſeemed to bloom in proportion as thoſe of the other withered. The mother, at laſt, conſidered her daughter in the light of a thief, who ſtole from her thoſe goods on which ſhe put the higheſt value; and ſhe felt an averſion from her accordingly.

With all the ſtreſs which ſome people put on what they call natural affection, this does not ſeem to me at all extraordinary; for what is more natural than to hate thoſe whom we ſee enjoying what we have loſt. I have heard the mother condemned, on that account, by men who had an abhorrence to the ſight of their own neareſt relations, for

no other reaſon than becauſe they were heirs to their eſtates: as if it were not more provoking to ſee another enjoying what you have been deprived of, during your life, than merely to know that he is to poſſeſs it after your death. And I ſhall leave it to any beautiful woman to judge, whether it would not both mortify and provoke her more, to ſee her beauty, than to ſee her eſtate, transferred to another. Yet men are aſtoniſhed that Mrs. Demure's mother ſhould have a prejudice againſt her own daughter! It muſt be confeſſed, Mr. Grindill, that of all the inconſiſtent animals on earth, men are the moſt ſo. Your whole ſex is a compoſition of vanity, caprice, and contradiction. I will not deny, however, that there are exceptions.

But to return to the hiſtory of miſs Angelina Celeſtina Grizzel Black.

Her father was an extravagant, thoughtleſs man, but extremely indulgent to his

daughter. The mother had never loved her husband, and now disliked him more than ever, on account of that indulgence: she became daily more peevish and morose to her husband, and treated her daughter with augmenting severity. Young Angelina's disposition did not improve by the example of that mutual detestation which existed between her father and mother. She coaxed and laughed at the one, dreaded and hated the other, and tried to deceive both. The extravagance of the sons ruined the father's affairs, and brought him to his grave. Narrow circumstances increased the malignant tempers of the mother and daughter, who now lived in a state of most acrimonious discord with each other. The former was sometimes overheard pouring reproaches of a singular nature upon her daughter. Some people imputed these entirely to the intemperance of the woman; but it is not likely that a mother would accuse a daughter without foundation. The

long apprenticeſhip to hypocriſy and ſimulation.

After ſhe took the intrepid ſtep of marrying ſuch a man as Mr. Demure, it was incumbent on her to overcome her diſguſt, however ſtrong it might be, and ſeem to love him: it was equally incumbent on her to perſevere till his death: had ſhe relaxed in her careſſes, he might have ſerved her as Sir Jeremiah Mango did his lady.

Still ſome people were aſtoniſhed that even thoſe conſiderations could prevail on a woman, ſo formed for pleaſure, to ſubmit to ſo long a deprivation; for the man held out a full half year after her marriage; which, no doubt, was a longer period than ſhe had calculated on.

But this difficulty is removed, by ſuppoſing that ſhe ſubmitted to no ſuch thing; which is my fixed opinion.

On the death of her huſband, Mrs. Demure had too much ſagacity to over-act the

part of the ſorrowful widow in the ridiculous manner lady Mango had done. She knew very well that every perſon of common ſenſe was perſuaded that ſhe internally rejoiced at the event; ſhe therefore exhibited no greater ſigns of affliction than decency required. It is true that ſhe continued her weeds longer than was abſolutely neceſſary; but that was becauſe ſhe had been told that Mr. Mordaunt had ſaid ſhe never had looked ſo beautiful and intereſting as in them.

Her partiality for him was diſcovered, or ſtrongly ſuſpected: though ſhe had deceived her huſband, ſhe could not conceal it from her ſharp-ſighted rivals. She hoped, however, to overcome his well-known averſion to marriage; but he gave no hint of any change of ſentiment in that article. She tried what coldneſs would do; and affected a reſerve, of which ſhe had never before made him ſenſible: he bore this with equanimity, and turned his attentions to other women:—this ſhe could not endure; and therefore

drew him back, by a diſplay of all her former partiality. About this juncture, as I am fully perſuaded, he was indulged in the ſtrongeſt poſſible proofs of her kindneſs. At no very diſtant period after this, however, a complete rupture ſeems to have taken place between them. Some imputed this to Mordaunt's uſual inconſtancy; others thought it was, in a great meaſure, owing to an occurrence which made ſome noiſe at that time.

Mrs. Demure had a negro-maid, of the name of Phillis, who, from her childhood, had been attached to her perſon, and had always given every proof of affection to her miſtreſs. The girl once forgot to execute ſome order which her miſtreſs had iſſued: the neglect was of no importance; but it was diſcovered when the lady happened to be in a very ill humour. She threatened to have the girl puniſhed with all the ſeverity that is uſed in the Weſt-India iſlands. The girl hinted, that the law of England ſtood in the way of ſuch an outrage. Mrs. Demure be-

came inſtantly ſenſible, that what the girl inſinuated was true. She ſaid nothing more on the ſubject; and appeared to have forgotten the affair, and to be reconciled to her maid.

About two months after, however, Phillis was decoyed on-board a ſhip juſt ready to ſail for the Weſt Indies, with directions that ſhe ſhould be delivered to the manager of her brother's eſtate, who was inſtructed to turn her among the field-negroes.

So far from being ſenſible that ſhe had behaved cruelly, Mrs. Demure boaſted of this, as an ingenious and proper manner of puniſhing the ſaucineſs of a ſlave.

People's opinions were divided on the ſubject. The Weſt-India merchants, and thoſe concerned in the ſlave-trade, who certainly ought to be the beſt judges, thought that Mrs. Demure ſerved Phillis right: others were of a different way of thinking. Every body allows that Phillis is a ſweet-tempered, obliging girl; but, after all, ſhe was a ſlave;

and if ſlaves are treated with what they call humanity, how are we to have ſugar? —

People ought to allow themſelves to reflect ſeriouſly on conſequences before they decide in matters of this kind.

I have been aſſured, however, that Mr. Mordaunt was ſhocked when he heard of this tranſaction; for, though he is by no means a weak man in other reſpects, he is exceedingly compaſſionate, and rather romantic in his ideas. Whether this was the chief cauſe of his breach with Mrs. Demure cannot be aſcertained: but what gives ſome weight to that notion is, that he wrote to a friend in the Weſt Indies to purchaſe Phillis as ſoon as poſſible, and ſend her back to England by the firſt opportunity; which was done accordingly. The girl is now free and happy, in the family of Mr. Mordaunt's friend, colonel Sommers.

When Mrs. Demure came to the knowledge of this, it redoubled the wrath ſhe had already conceived againſt Mr. Mordaunt. Her

uſual caution and diſſimulation are apt to forſake her at the bare mention of his name; the leaſt alluſion to their ever having been friends diſturbs her. I ſometimes touch on the tender part on purpoſe; and ſhe winces immediately. At my inſtigation, lady Blunt has preſſed upon it more roughly, which never fails to ſet her a fretting, to the ſatisfaction of all who know her. This tends to confirm all that is whiſpered; but, as I am ſolicitous to have ſuch confirmation of this as would ſatisfy others, I have frequently endeavoured to draw it from Mordaunt. I never expected that I could bring him to a direct avowal; but I had ſome hopes that he would deny it, as is uſual enough with certain fine gentlemen, in ſuch manner as would leave no doubt of its truth. In this, however, I was diſappointed. I tried to tempt him by informing him of a ſtrong inſtance of Mrs. Demure's malice againſt himſelf. Even this had no effect; and, if I had nothing to form a judgment from but the words and beha-

viour of Mr. Mordaunt, I ſhould be under the neceſſity of concluding that my ſuſpicions are groundleſs.

I underſtand that it is a principle of his, that no inſtance of rage or malice on the part of a woman can juſtify a man for betraying the confidence ſhe once placed in him. I believe Mrs. Demure knows this, which emboldens her to uſe the freedom ſhe does with his character.

I will now acquaint you with the particular reaſon I have for hating this woman. After ſhe had loſt all hope of ſubduing Mordaunt's averſion to marriage, ſhe turned her eyes on Lord Deanport. I was a little ſurpriſed at the very obſequious manner in which, of a ſudden, ſhe paid her court to me, till I diſcovered that my ſon was as obſequiouſly paying his court to her: the one explained the other. I was ſeriouſly alarmed, though this occurred before I thought of Miſs Moyſton. I knew Mrs. Demure to be a moſt deceitful, intriguing, ambitious, and

intereſted woman, a character which, above all others, I abhor. I was convinced that, from the moment ſhe ſhould become his wife, I ſhould have no influence over him; that he would be loſt to me as much as if he were in his grave. Beſides, what renders the idea of ſuch a marriage prepoſterous, independent of every other circumſtance, is her being ſo much older than my ſon; though ſhe had the impudence to aſſert that they were nearly of the ſame age: as if it were poſſible that any body could believe that I am as much older than her as I muſt admit myſelf to be older than lord Deanport. You cannot be ſurpriſed that I determined to break his connection with a woman capable of ſuch a groſs calumny.

I do not aſſert that his paſſion for Mrs. Demure was as violent as that which he felt for Miſs Clifford; but ſtill I found that I had undertaken a difficult taſk. It is eaſier to prejudice men againſt plain-looking women, of the very beſt character, than to alienate them

from beautiful women whoſe characters are equivocal, or even poſitively bad. The ſtory of the negro girl, which had frozen the paſſion of Mr. Mordaunt, had little or no effect on lord Deanport.

After various attempts to diſentangle him from the ſnares of Mrs. Demure, I at laſt hit on a device which ſucceeded.

It was not Mrs. Demure's diſpoſition, nor any thing reſpecting her mind, that bewitched my ſon: though it would have been eaſy, it would have been ſuperfluous, to have attacked her moral qualities. Her beauty, and the high idea he had of her perſonal charms, were the only ſpells by which ſhe bound him to her. My aim, therefore, was to weaken or diſſolve theſe; for which purpoſe I had it diſtantly inſinuated to my ſon, that, in ſpite of her apparent health, ſhe was tainted with a certain hereditary diſtemper, for which I knew he had the greateſt horror. I adopted this expedient with the leſs ſcruple, becauſe, for any thing I know to the contrary, the in-

ſinuation may be true:—be that as it may, it entirely cured my ſon of his love.

From this ſketch you will form a pretty juſt idea of my ſweet friend Mrs. Demure. You may obſerve the influence of a little flattery; the praiſe you beſtowed on my portrait of lady Mango tempted me to this laſt taſk, though I really have more important buſineſs on my hands.

I expect to hear from Miſs Almond every hour. In the expectation of ſeeing you ſoon in London, in conſequence of the Welſhman's ſetting out on a longer journey,

I remain yours, &c.

E. DEANPORT.

LETTER XLVI.

Miſs ALMOND *to the* COUNTESS *of* DEANPORT.

York.

As the favour and protection with which your ladyſhip honours me form the chief happineſs of my life, the freſh proof of your confidence, which appears in your laſt letter, affords me heart-felt pleaſure.

Your ladyſhip does me no more than juſtice in thinking that I would not readily believe your ſon would act with ſo much impropriety as to forſake a young lady of ſuch ſhining virtues as miſs Moyſton poſſeſſes, for one who has, perhaps, little elſe but perſonal charms to boaſt of.

It would be aſtoniſhing, indeed, if a nobleman, ſo accompliſhed, and, permit me to ſay, though I know you hate flattery, but this is not flattery, one who owes his beſt accompliſhments to the beſt of mothers—I ſay it

would be aſtoniſhing if he ſhould act unlike a man of quality in the important point of marriage. He ought to remember that he has to ſupport the dignity of his anceſtors; for he is not like the new-made lords, who, they ſay, have hardly any anceſtors at all: whereas every body knows that few men in England, or even Wales, have more anceſtors than his lordſhip.

My lord Deanport has made the tour of Europe, and ſeen a great deal of the world; but, by making only the tour of Yorkſhire, he might have learned to make a good bargain, and have diſcovered that nothing ſupports the dignity of an ancient family ſo much as money.—I once ſaw miſs Moyſton at the play-houſe in York, when Othello was acted. To be ſure that young lady's countenance cannot be called exceedingly beautiful; but I hope his lordſhip will view her viſage in her vaſt fortune, juſt as Deſdemona ſays ſhe viewed the black viſage of her lover in his mind.

I have delivered your ladyſhip's affectionate

compliments to my aunt, who deſires me to return the ſame to you; and I am ſure ſhe underſtands politeneſs too well to refuſe your requeſt, that I ſhould wait on you this ſeaſon in London, where I can enjoy as much rural felicity as in the country; ſo that your ladyſhip will not need to leave it for Willow-Bank ſooner than is quite convenient. Indeed, I muſt confeſs that my aunt could part with me now more eaſily than at any other time, becauſe ſhe has juſt began a very long romance, and likewiſe expects a viſit from her ſiſter-in-law, who will ſtay with her at leaſt three weeks; and, over and above, ſhe has juſt received a preſent, which never fails to comfort her when ſhe is nervous or in low ſpirits.

As for Mr. Proctor, whoſe propoſals your ladyſhip took ſo much pains to prevail on me to refuſe, on account of his age and being moroſe, and living in Northumberland, I own I have ſuffered a good deal of ill-humour from my relations on that account. They

are continually telling me of young women like myſelf, who, notwithſtanding their being married to men older than Mr. Proctor, are the mothers of ſeveral children; that, ſo far from being morooſe, he is a cheerful, good-natured man, with whom I could do what I pleaſed, and might eaſily perſuade to live a good part of the year in London. I am determined, however, never to repent having followed your ladyſhip's counſel, though he ſhould never renew the ſame propoſal, which ſurpriſes me a little that he never has; but I am fully convinced that your ladyſhip will never allow me to be a loſer by having followed your advice.

My aunt informed me yeſterday that ſhe underſtood that Mr. Proctor's journey to York was delayed; and therefore I ſhall not have an opportunity of ſpeaking to him on the ſubject your ladyſhip mentions: but, that I may ſhow my obedience to your commands, and do all in my power to procure you the information you require, I wrote to him directly, and

have no doubt of his anſwering my letter ſpeedily.

Had it not been to oblige your ladyſhip, I ſhould have ſcrupled to have written to any man that is not a near relation, and far leſs to him, particularly as he has never repeated his propoſal, which ſeveral of my relations think, in politeneſs, he ought to do; becauſe a lover that takes the firſt refuſal, they ſay, is no lover at all. But as for that, he may do as he pleaſes; for I am quite certain, as I ſaid before, that your ladyſhip is too generous to allow me to be a loſer by following your advice, being all from one who is, and ever will be,

Your ladyſhip's

Moſt faithful, moſt obedient, and
moſt obliged, humble ſervant,

MARGARET ALMOND.

LETTER XLVII.

Miſs ALMOND *to* DANIEL PROCTOR, *Eſq.*

SIR, York.

MY aunt deſires me to return you thanks for the potted ſhrimps you were ſo good as to ſend, as well as for the ſix bottles of cherry-brandy that came by the ſame coach.

I am obliged to you for the favourable opinion you ſtill retain of me, as expreſſed in your letter to my aunt. I can aſſure you that my declining your propoſal did not proceed from any objection to your perſon, or even to your age; for, I muſt confeſs, I never was an approver of thoſe giddy women who have a taſte for huſbands that are too young.

My heſitation reſpecting your propoſal of marriage aroſe entirely from a kind of delicacy, which, as I am ſometimes nervous, produces a dread of matrimony, that I can-

not, all at once, overcome. From the friendſhip you ſtill expreſs for me, I dare ſay it will afford you pleaſure to know that I have leſs of this nervous complaint ſince I took ſteel-pills, by the advice of young Dr. Ironſides, who has great ſkill in women's complaints: he is the ſon of your acquaintance, the old doctor, who has left off practice. But, to prove to you that you poſſeſs a great deal of my confidence and eſteem, I will inform you, that a perſon of high rank in the State has applied to me for as many circumſtances as I can collect reſpecting the family of the late Mr. Clifford of Northumberland, againſt ſome of whom, particularly the daughter, it is eaſy to perceive that my friend has received unfavourable impreſſions. As you were long acquainted with that whole family, and, I have heard, have been ungratefully uſed by them, I thought you the propereſt perſon I could apply to for ſuch an account of her as will be agreeable to my friend, whom I have it much at heart to oblige.

Miſs Clifford is ſaid to have ſomething the appearance and air of a French woman; but that may be her misfortune more than her fault; for, no doubt, ſhe would rather look like an Engliſh woman, if ſhe could; though, it muſt be owned, the French dreſs the neateſt.

It is alſo ſaid, that in Northumberland ſhe uſed to go a-hunting with men, and that her father carried her abroad very ſuddenly, which occaſioned various rumours through the country. I hope you will be able, ſoon, to ſend a ſatisfactory anſwer, as to the above particulars, to,

Sir,

Your moſt obedient ſervant,

M. ALMOND.

P. S. We hear you intend to live, for the future, one half of the year, at leaſt, in London; which gives great pleaſure to my aunt, and many of your friends at York, becauſe they will have the pleaſure of ſeeing you as

you go and return.—It is alſo reported, that miſs Proctor is juſt going to be married, and, therefore, to leave your houſe for that of her huſband. This muſt give great ſatisfaction to her as well as her huſband; for I hear ſhe is very pretty. So I give you joy, with all my heart, and hope you will let me know if the report be true.

LETTER XLVIII.

Mr. PROCTOR *to Miſs* ALMOND.

DEAR MISS ALMOND. Morpeth.

I AM glad that the ſhrimps and brandy arrived ſafe. The laſt time I had the pleaſure of dining with you, I remember your having praiſed a diſh of the former, which made me order ſome to be potted for you. And, as your worthy aunt complained of a pain in her ſtomach, which obliged her to take a glaſs of cherry-brandy before ſhe could venture to taſte the port after dinner, I preſumed to ſend a few bottles for her particular uſe. This explains the reaſon of my chooſing theſe two articles, which otherwiſe might ſeem unſuitable preſents to ladies.

As to the requeſts conveyed in your letter, now lying on the deſk before me, I aſſure you that you cannot be more earneſt to oblige any perſon, however high in point of rank, or of

merely on account of the other being on the whole the pleaſanteſt place of the two.

Mr. Clifford's ſon was put to Weſtminſter-ſchool: the daughter received the inſtruction that was thought neceſſary under the eye of her mother; and the progreſs ſhe made in various accompliſhments, in the ſpace of two years, are ſaid to be wonderful. At that period lady Horatia died. This affected her huſband ſo much, that, leaving his ſon at Weſtminſter-ſchool, he retired with his daughter to his houſe in Northumberland, and never entirely recovered his ſpirits afterwards. So far from reſuming that ſtyle of hoſpitality in which he had lived formerly, and for which his family had long been diſtinguiſhed in the county, he now entertained only a very few friends, and thoſe but ſeldom.

It has been ſaid, that men who are paſſionately fond of hunting have no great reliſh for books; but Mr. Clifford had a very great reliſh for both: from which you will obſerve,

my dear young lady, that there is no rule without an exception. But it muſt be acknowledged, that, for a conſiderable time after the death of his lady, Mr. Clifford entirely left off hunting, and ſpent moſt of his time in his library; and his chief pleaſure was to obſerve the improvement of his daughter's underſtanding, who, young as ſhe then was, ſpent ſeveral hours every day in reading to her father, and in converſing with him on what ſhe had read: by which means ſhe acquired a taſte for ſome parts of literature that are ſeldom cultivated by women. Now, it is generally ſaid, that this renders women pedantic and diſputatious in company: but here again I muſt repeat, that there is no rule without an exception; for Miſs Horatia Clifford is extremely modeſt and unpreſuming in company, which is what cannot be ſaid of ſome very ignorant ladies of my acquaintance.

Among other accompliſhments, miſs Clifford was at great pains to acquire that of playing on the harp, an inſtrument of which her

father was exceedingly fond, and which ſhe accompanied with her voice, which was wonderfully ſweet. She generally choſe plaintive and mournful airs. In this, I confeſs, I think ſhe judged wrong, as merry tunes would have been more likely to cheer up his heart; whereas moſt of thoſe ſhe played and ſung to him were ſo very ſad, that they would have made the moſt cheerfully-diſpoſed people melancholy. This was the more ſurpriſing, becauſe the young lady is naturally of a cheerful temper, with a great deal of vivacity; but I *ſuſpect* that ſhe preferred mournful airs not ſo much from her own taſte as to humour her father's melancholy.

I remember once, that when ſhe was in the middle of one of thoſe ſorrowful tunes, the very tears burſt from my eyes before I knew where I was. I never was ſo much aſhamed in my life, and I endeavoured to conceal it as much as I could; but whether miſs Clifford perceived it or not I am uncertain; for it is ſo contrary to the diſpoſition of that

young lady to hurt any perſon, or to put them in the leaſt out of countenance, that, I am ſure, ſhe would have ſeemed not to have obſerved this inſtance of my weakneſs, even although it had ſtruck her.

A little before his ſon left Weſtminſter-ſchool for the univerſity, Mr. Clifford put him under the particular care of one of his friends, and then ſet out with his daughter for Switzerland. This did not happen ſuddenly, as has been repreſented to you, nor yet unexpectedly; for he talked of it a full year before they went. I remember of no conjectures or rumours upon the occaſion, unleſs the ſorrow of all who knew them, and the lamentations of the poor, are thought ſuch.

After paſſing two years in Switzerland, and making the tour of all the cantons, Mr. Clifford proceeded with his daughter to Italy; where, I believe, they ſtaid nine months, and returned through France to England about the time that young Mr. Clifford left the

univerſity, and ſoon after went on his travels to France and other foreign countries. You ſay it is reported that Miſs Clifford looks very like a French woman; as for my own part, I can neither confirm nor refute this report, having never had any perſonal experience of French women. Indeed I never ſaw any, knowing them to be ſuch, except one who danced on the tight-rope at Sadlers-Wells when I was laſt in London. She was, to be ſure, remarkably nimble; but as for her taſte in dreſs (begging pardon for differing in opinion from you), I muſt confeſs I did not much admire it. I therefore think you are much in the right in chooſing to look like an Engliſh woman: as for my own part, I cannot conceive any human creature more beautiful than miſs Clifford was after ſhe returned to England.—You will pleaſe to remember, my dear miſs Almond, that the preſent company are always excepted.

I ought to have mentioned before, that the ſedentary manner of life which Mr. Clifford

adopted, immediately after the death of his lady, had ſo much affected his health, that he was directed to ride ſeveral hours every day; and, as he could not bear to be deprived of the company of his daughter, ſhe generally accompanied him: by which means ſhe became an expert and fearleſs rider; which, when her father perceived, he reſumed what had formerly been his favourite diverſion, and his daughter ſometimes accompanied him when he went out with the hounds. This I do ſuppoſe is the only foundation for the report that has reached your ears of her going a-hunting with men, and which I ſuſpect to have been propagated by evil-diſpoſed perſons; for how can we otherwiſe account for the plural *men* being adopted inſtead of the ſingular *man*, and the omitting to mention that the man was her father?

I cannot help remarking, my dear miſs, that you make no inquiry concerning the pecuniary circumſtances in which Mr. Clifford left his family. This I ſuſpect to be an omiſ-

thoſe devices were the ſuggeſtions of a certain lady, who ſhall be nameleſs, who was at Venice at that time, and whom I have heard called a woman of eaſy virtue, in my opinion by a miſnomer; for I ſtrongly ſuſpect that, notwithſtanding her rank, ſhe was in reality a woman of no virtue at all. It alſo appeared that he had given a falſe ſtatement of his debts, for he actually owed five thouſand pounds about a year after all was ſuppoſed to have been cleared.

Mr. Clifford was ſhocked at his ſon's extravagance, and ſtill more at this deceit; and, on account of thoſe and other inſtances of his ſon's ill-conduct, he threatened to diſinherit him, and leave his whole fortune to his daughter, with the exception of a moderate annuity, to be placed in the hands of truſtees, for the young man's uſe. This would have taken place, had it not been for the repeated ſolicitations of miſs Clifford; by which ſhe prevailed on her father to pay all the debts, by taking up a mortgage of five thouſand

pounds, part of what had been ſecured for her own patrimony. Without the knowledge of his daughter, however, he made a new will, and burdened his eſtate with this five thouſand pounds, as a debt due to her at his death.

The ill-conduct of his ſon greatly affected not only the ſpirits, but alſo the health of Mr. Clifford, which declined viſibly, in ſpite of the medical ſkill of thoſe who attended him. Miſs Clifford, being greatly alarmed, propoſed that he ſhould go to London, and put himſelf under the care of the moſt celebrated phyſicians there. The practitioners in the North thought this improper, becauſe of the fatigue of the journey, which, they ſaid, would be attended with great danger: and they alſo hinted, that he would receive no benefit from the preſcriptions of the London doctors. Mr. Clifford himſelf was averſe to the journey; but, perceiving that it would afford ſatisfaction to his daughter, he reſolved to ſet out. I accompanied them to the me-

tropolis.—So far from being the worſe for the journey, he grew evidently better all the time we were on the road. But though the northern practitioners were miſtaken in thinking that the journey would do *harm*, they were right in their other prognoſtic, that the preſcriptions of the London phyſicians would do *no good*. Indeed it is a very ſingular circumſtance, in this caſe, that the patient ſhould have mended as ſoon as he was taken from the care of the doctors in the country, and that he ſhould have grown worſe ſoon after he was put under the care of thoſe of the town. This ſeems altogether unaccountable.—Mr. Clifford died about a month after his arrival in London. One of thoſe practitioners who attended him in Northumberland has ſince aſſured me that he would infallibly have recovered if he had remained in the country under his care. I concealed this very carefully from Miſs Clifford, as it would have augmented her grief, which was already exceſſive. I was at one time apprehenſive that

it would have thrown her into the ſame complaint of which her father died.

I really believe ſhe was ſaved from this by the friendly and affectionate behaviour of lady Diana Franklin, a woman of extraordinary good ſenſe, who was the only perſon miſs Clifford could bear to converſe with for a conſiderable time after her father's death. Lady Diana had been the intimate companion of her mother, had always lived in great friendſhip with her father, and loved the young lady herſelf with the affection of a mother.

She has a very pleaſant houſe, within twenty miles of London, to which ſhe carried miſs Clifford, and where they remained for ſeveral months without ſeeing any company, except miſs Juliet Forteſcue, an intimate friend and ſchool-companion of miſs Clifford. This young lady was a very conſiderable heireſs; and ſhe has ſince beſtowed her hand and fortune more wiſely than many heireſſes do, being now the wife of colonel Sommers, a brave

officer, with whom ſhe lives moſt happily at her eſtate in the biſhopric of Durham.

Lady Diana Franklin is not only a woman of extraordinary good ſenſe, which I told you before; but, which I did not tell you before, ſhe is alſo of a very cheerful and ſociable diſpoſition, notwithſtanding that ſhe is an old maid: for, as I have already remarked more than once, there is no rule without an exception.

As ſhe ſtill is a very agreeable-looking woman, and was very handſome in her youth, it ſeems ſurpriſing that ſhe has remained unmarried; yet I have known other women of that deſcription who never had an offer of marriage in their life: but lady Diana had a very ample patrimony beſides; and I confeſs I never knew a woman of this deſcription who had not a great many.

Though your inquiries are confined to the Clifford family, yet, as I have mentioned this worthy lady, I will add another circumſtance concerning her, which, I dare ſay, you will

think intereſting, notwithſtanding that it occurred many years ago. At the age of twenty-two, lady Diana was actually betrothed to a young man of rank and of very great expectation; he was ſeized with a fever, of which he died on the very day that had been fixed for their marriage.

One of your tender diſpoſition, my dear miſs Almond, will naturally ſympathiſe with a woman, though a ſtranger, on ſo ſevere a misfortune. It is ſaid that, in the violence of her affliction, ſhe determined never to marry. This is not ſo extraordinary as that ſhe ſhould have adhered to her reſolution, notwithſtanding her having been often ſolicited to depart from it. She did not, however, remain very long in abſolute retirement, but returned to the ſociety of thoſe whoſe friendſhip ſhe had formerly cultivated; for, as lady Horatia once told me, "though her friend lady Diana's heart was, by this cruel event, for ever ſhut againſt love, it was ſtill open to friendſhip."—She lived, accordingly,

in the moſt intimate friendſhip with lady Horatia and Mr. Clifford until their death; after which, all the tender attachment ſhe had for the parents was devolved on the daughter; and her parental ſolicitude to prevent the young lady from becoming a prey to continued ſorrow was crowned with ſucceſs. She was gradually brought to bear company, and to join in converſation. I do not take upon me to aſſert, however, that time did not aſſiſt the endeavours of lady Diana in alleviating the ſorrow of miſs Clifford; for time is a great deſtroyer of grief, as well as of other things, as I myſelf experienced ſince the death of my wife.

What may ſeem to you very ſingular is, that, although this young lady is generally cheerful, and ſometimes in very high ſpirits, yet ſhe can ſeldom refrain from tears, and always is ſeized with a fit of melancholy, when the name of her father is mentioned. There are people who inſinuate that this proceeds from affectation, becauſe ſhe is able to re-

ſume her natural gaiety ſoon after; but thoſe people certainly miſtake her character, which is above affectation: and I ſhould think they alſo miſtake human-nature in general; for is not the life of man a tragi-comedy? At leaſt it is ſtill ſo in England; though I am told, indeed, that in France it has been of late a continued tragedy.

Young Mr. Clifford returned to England when he heard of his father's death; at which, from what I have hinted already, perhaps you may imagine he would feel little concern: but in that you would do him wrong; for though this young man had been inconſiderate and headſtrong enough to diſoblige and vex his father when alive, he was not hardened enough not to feel ſorrow and remorſe, therefore, after his death.

Though his ſorrow was ſharp, however, it was not laſting: the company he imprudently kept effaced it too ſoon, and he returned to foreign countries, where he now is. It is to

be hoped that he will reform, for he is ſtill young.

Having now, with as little prolixity as the nature of the caſe would admit, anſwered your inquiries in a manner which, I make no doubt, will be ſatisfactory both to yourſelf and your noble correſpondent, I ſhall, for brevity's ſake, only add, that I am glad that you have experienced ſo much benefit from young Dr. Ironſide's pills. As for my own part, I have had an oppoſite experience, being now convinced that my own ſtate of health is not ſo vigorous as I thought it, though as much ſo as moſt men of my age.

Of this, however, you may always rely, that you will find me diſpoſed to render every ſervice in my power, not only to my old acquaintance your aunt, but alſo to yourſelf.

I beg you will make my affectionate reſpects to her. I hope the redneſs in her noſe, with a tendency to purple, for which ſhe was taking the infuſion of white poppy

flowers, has the desired effect. My anxiety for my old friend induced me to take the opinion of a very experienced practitioner of this place; and he assured me, that, if it did no good, it could do no harm; which is more than can be said for some medicines much vaunted.

I shall now, for brevity's sake, finish this long epistle; being,

My dear young lady,
With due esteem,
Your well-wisher, and most obedient
humble servant,
DANIEL PROCTOR.

P. S. There is no foundation for the report of my intending to remove from my own quiet habitation near Morpeth to such a tumultuous town as London; and there is as little for the report of my daughter's marriage. It will be time enough for her to think of a husband when she comes to be a little nearer your age, which, if I am to judge by looks, she still wants two, or perhaps three, years of.

LETTER XLIX.

Miſs ALMOND *to* DANIEL PROCTOR, *Eſq.*

SIR, York.

I AM ſorry you have given yourſelf the trouble of writing ſo very long a letter; all I wiſhed any information about might have been mentioned in a few lines: but I ſuppoſe you were fond of an opportunity of enlarging upon the wonderful qualities of this ſame miſs Clifford, whom you ſeem to be in love with, though ſuch a thing is ſcarcely credible to thoſe who know of the declarations you made when you were laſt at York. I cannot conceive what you ſaw in my looks that could lead you into ſo groſs a miſtake with reſpect to my age: but though I muſt confeſs that I am much younger than you think, I hope I ſhould have more ſenſe, at any age, than to play old mournful tunes upon a harp to my father when he was in affliction, which could

only ſerve to increaſe his grief; and far leſs could I return immediately to gaiety after ſhedding tears, which you ſay miſs Clifford did, as if her father's death had been a tragi-comedy.

I am glad to hear that you are inclined to believe that Engliſh women are the handſomeſt in this world (indeed the curate of Willow-Bank once told me that there was no reaſon to doubt of their being the ſame in the next), which makes your partiality for this miſs Clifford the more ſurpriſing, becauſe ſhe ſeems, even from your own account, more like a foreigner than an Engliſh woman.

As I hinted, in my letter to you, that the perſon for whom I was deſirous of getting an account of the Clifford family had reaſon to be prejudiced againſt them, and was a perſon of quality, I could not imagine that you would have ſent a long letter of the nature of your laſt; for you muſt have obſerved that people of quality never liſten to long letters; indeed they cannot bear to be informed of any

thing, long or ſhort, that is not agreeable to their wiſhes.

I firſt remarked this at the houſe of a fine London lady, a near relation of lord Deanport, who was allowed to die quietly, becauſe, to have inſinuated that ſhe was in danger, or to have propoſed a drug that was diſagreeable to her taſte, would have alarmed and diſturbed her. Two of the chamber-maids recovered from the ſame diſeaſe, by taking the bark, and being bliſtered; for the apothecary, who was all ſmiles and ſimpers when he ſpoke to the poor dying lady, and never gave her any thing but palatable draughts, told *them*, with a grave countenance, and in plain words, that nothing but bliſters, and large doſes of bark, could ſave them.

I have remarked, alſo, that the curate at Willow-Bank, who in winter preaches to the country-people about preparing for death, never touches on that ſubject in ſummer, when my lady is preſent, becauſe nothing is

ſo offenſive to her ladyſhip as reminding her of death, except it be mentioning hell, which ſhe ſays her nerves cannot bear.

Indeed I was witneſs myſelf to the truth of this; for her ladyſhip once carried me, for a frolic, to hear a methodiſt-preacher: unluckily, the man preached about the rich man and Lazarus, which terrified her to ſuch a degree, that ſhe was carried out in violent hyſterics: and though, formerly, ſhe made it a rule to go to church once every ſeaſon, to ſhow a good example to the ignorant vulgar, yet, after that accident, ſhe never ventured to hear any preacher whatever, except the curate of Willow-Bank, on whoſe diſcretion ſhe can rely, becauſe his only hope of preferment is in her ladyſhip. And I once heard my lady herſelf ſay, "that, notwithſtanding his being only a country-curate, he might be a London biſhop, for knowledge of the world."

Now, perhaps, you will ſay, like Juba in the play of Cato—"If knowledge of the

world makes man a villain, may Juba ever remain in ignorance."—But, although ſuch ſentiments do very well in tragedies, they are not to be acted upon in real life: beſides, Juba being only a black, is not a very fit example for whites, eſpecially Chriſtians.

I own I ſee no villainy in having a knowledge of this world, and making the moſt of it while we are in it, though it may be proper to act otherwiſe in the next; for, as I have heard you yourſelf obſerve—"When we are at Rome, we muſt do as Rome does."

You ſee, Sir, I do not forget the reflections I have heard you make, having always had a very high opinion of your ſenſe and judgment; which made me ſo fond of your company when I ſaw you laſt at York, and makes me regret that we have never ſeen you ſince: but I ſuppoſe you can think of nobody, now, but miſs Clifford; though I own that ſhe, nor no other woman, can be more concerned than I am to hear that you are in

a weaker ſtate of health than when we ſaw you here. My aunt thinks that your being of that opinion proceeds entirely from low ſpirits, owing to too much ſolitude; and that, if you ſaw more ſociety, whether it were in London or York, or even at your own houſe near Morpeth, you would be more healthful and happier. Though your daughter is, I am told, a very beautiful young lady, and alſo very ſenſible, yet perhaps ſome cheerful companion would render both your lives more agreeable; but of that you are the beſt judge.—My aunt deſires me to return you her thanks for the attention you had to her, in conſulting the doctor on her complaint.

The infuſion of the flowers of white poppies has had no great effect as yet; but ſhe is reſolved to continue, becauſe, ſhe ſays, it ſtands to reaſon that thoſe flowers ſhould do good, on account of their whiteneſs: but I fear their colour is conſiderably altered before they come to her noſe.

With my kindeſt compliments to miſs Proctor, though unknown but by character,

I am, Sir,

Your moſt obedient and

obliged ſervant,

MARGARET ALMOND.

I ſhall be very glad to hear from you when you have leiſure: but you need not give yourſelf the trouble of ſaying any thing farther of the Clifford family, becauſe the *nobleman* who applied to me has now received all the information ſhe wanted.

LETTER L.

Miſs ALMOND *to the* COUNTESS *of* DEANPORT.

MY LADY, York.

I HAD the honour of informing your ladyſhip, in my laſt letter, that I had, without delaying a ſingle moment, written to Mr. Proctor. It was natural for your ladyſhip to think that his reſentment againſt young Mr. Clifford would have enraged him againſt the whole family, and inclined him to divulge every thing he knew or ſuſpected to their diſadvantage: but he is an odd kind of a particular man, who knows no more of the world, particularly the genteel, than a child. Though he ſerved an apprenticeſhip to an attorney, he has the character never to have taken the advantage of any body; which makes it ſo unaccountable how he is in ſuch good circumſtances. He ſeems to have no reſentment; or elſe the favours he received

from Clifford, the father, makes him forget the injuries of the ſon, and renders him unwilling to ſay any thing againſt him, and ſtill leſs his ſiſter: yet, in ſpite of all his pains to ſet her off to advantage in his letter to me, it is eaſy to ſee that the character you have received of her is pretty exact. There is no doubt that ſhe both looks and acts like a French woman; and you know how ſome of them act. Mr. Proctor acknowledges that ſhe lived ſeveral years abroad among foreigners and emigrants, and underſtands all their languages; and, I dare ſay, is a member of the Blue-ſtocking-club of learned women, whom your ladyſhip hates, though ſhe may wear white ſtockings above her blue.

Mr. Proctor alſo owns, that miſs Clifford was addicted to go a-hunting with men in the day-time, and playing on the harp to them at night. What ſhe did beſides he does not mention.

He pretends to be ignorant of the reaſon of her father's taking her abroad ſo ſuddenly,

and does not divulge the nature of the rumours that were ſpread over the neighbourhood on that occaſion.

But he acknowledges that miſs Clifford lives in intimacy with lady Diana Franklin, which muſt be the ſame with her that your ladyſhip hates ſo much, and who I take to be one of the moſt cenſorious old maids living; both on that account, and from what I heard counſellor Banter ſay, at the laſt York aſſizes, in a large company of ladies, at a tea-drinking, (among whom was a Londoner, on her return from Scotland, where ſhe had fled from her parents to be married to a very genteel officer of dragoons—I believe he was quarter-maſter),—ſo, ſomebody ſaying ſomething to the praiſe of lady Diana, the new-married lady obſerved that ſhe was an old maid, and of courſe very cenſorious. "Very cenſorious, indeed, madam," replied the counſellor; "her whole life and conduct is a libel on many of her own ſex!"

This was thought, by ſome of the com-

pany, too ſevere; but, after what I have heard your ladyſhip ſay of her, is, I am convinced, no more than ſhe deſerves.

This is all the intelligence I could procure from Mr. Proctor, which I hope your ladyſhip will think ſatisfactory, as it may be depended on. But I am certain, that if I was in London, I could procure ſtill more; and therefore I have informed my aunt, that ſhe would probably receive a letter from your ladyſhip, deſiring that I might ſet out very ſoon. For my own part, I ſhould not be in the leaſt afraid of going in the mail-coach, as it goes ſo quick; and my heavy trunk might come afterwards in the waggon.—In the hope of having the honour of another letter from your ladyſhip ſoon,

I am,

Your ladyſhip's moſt obedient, faithful,

and obliged humble ſervant,

MARGARET ALMOND.

P. S. I have taken particular care that your ladyſhip cannot be ſuſpected of having ſet me on thoſe inquiries, for I wrote to Mr. Proctor that they were not for a lady, but for a noble-*man*.

LETTER LI.

The Counteſs of DEANPORT *to* JAMES GRINDILL, *Eſq.*

London.

I HAVE had no need to avail myſelf of your precautions againſt communicating Peggy Almond's diſcoveries reſpecting miſs Clifford too abruptly to my ſon. She diſcovered nothing but what was either of ſo innocent, or ſo general, a nature, that no uſe could be made of it. I have therefore abſtained from all inſinuations againſt what is called—her virtue. But, in conſequence of your obſervations reſpecting my ſon's prejudice againſt clever women, or women of ſuperior underſtanding, which I know to be well founded, I once thought of culling a few witticiſms from Joe Miller, and repeating them to lord Deanport as repartees of miſs Clifford; but recollecting that his lordſhip was better acquainted with that book than with moſt

others, I judged it would be ſafer to draw from a fountain into which he never dipped; and, after having ſpoken of miſs Clifford as a lady of uncommon erudition and ſagacity, I actually repeated two of the proverbs of Solomon as obſervations of hers. This had not the effect I expected; he ſaw nothing alarmingly ſagacious in either, and ſaid, "If miſs Clifford can make no wiſer obſervations than thoſe, ſhe runs no riſk of being drowned for a witch."

Diſappointed in this, I remarked "that I had heard ſhe was a young woman of rather an imperious temper; that I was not ſufficiently acquainted with her to decide, but I owned that ſhe had, on ſome occaſions, a great deal of fire in her looks."

To this he coolly replied, "That ſhe had certainly an animated countenance, and he believed ſhe was a young lady of ſpirit."

I was ſo provoked by this anſwer, that I rejoined, with warmth, "If ſpirit be what you admire in her, ſhe will ſhow you enough

you to determine the weight of ſuch an apology.

She afterwards married Tom; who was, to be ſure, one of the beſt-natured, gay, thoughtleſs young fellows in the world, but with a very moderate fortune; one half of which was mortgaged before Charlotte was acquainted with him; the remainder, with all his wife's patrimony, he ſpent, it muſt be confeſſed, entirely like a gentleman, and in the beſt company. When it *was* ſpent, however, he and his wife ſeemed, for ſome time, as deſtitute of friends as if they had kept the worſt.

An old companion of his, who had ſome intereſt with the miniſter, procured him at laſt a ſituation in the Eaſt Indies. It was expected he would have opportunities of pillaging a competency for his poor wife and children. But though few people could ſpend a fortune with a better grace than Tom, it is doubtful whether he had any talents for acquiring one: the experiment, however, was

not fairly made; for he died, poor fellow, ſoon after his arrival in India, ſo that he had not time to do that juſtice to his family that was expected, however well-diſpoſed he might have been.

His widow, with two children, lived ſome time in London after the accounts of his death arrived. Hitherto I had viſited her occaſionally; but rumours were circulated to her prejudice: as ſhe had always been rather inattentive to appearances, they gained ſtrength, I have been aſſured, without foundation: but as I had not leiſure to aſcertain the truth, I thought it prudent to leave off viſiting her. Others followed my example; and ſhe would, moſt probably, have been forſaken by all her female acquaintance, had not the virgin Diana arrived preciſely at that time from abroad. Though ſhe had ſeen leſs of Mrs. Denham, after her marriage, than any of her former companions—for the rapid rate at which her huſband and ſhe drove through life ill-ſuited the ſlow and ſolemn ſtep of a Veſtal—yet, on

finding Charlotte likely to be abandoned by others, ſhe clung to her through ſheer vanity, and that croſſneſs which prompts her in what ſhe calls *eſſentials*, to brave the opinion of the world. She pretended that ſhe had inveſtigated the ſcandalous reports; and not only to have found them falſe, but alſo that Mrs. Denham, having derived prudence from her misfortunes, had conducted herſelf in a moſt exemplary manner, devoting her whole attention to the education of her children: on which ſhe was viſited and received as before by a few of her old acquaintance; but her circumſtances kept the greater part from her as completely as if all that had been ſaid of her was true. Unable, however, to maintain her family in London, ſhe retired with her children to Devonſhire, and has hardly ever been thought of ſince, till lady Diana, hearing that ſhe was in a declining ſtate of health, ſet out lately to viſit her; and there I hope ſhe will remain; for I underſtand ſhe has more influence with miſs Clifford than any

body elſe, and, if ſhe were in London, would aſſuredly engage her *protége* to adopt a conduct more likely than that ſhe follows at preſent to ſecure the heart of my ſon. To tell you the truth, I rely more on the marked coldneſs and indifference which the girl ſhows for him than on all I have hitherto been able to contrive for the purpoſe of giving him a thorough diſlike to her.

In the mean time, you cannot figure how I am haraſſed by the murmurs of the aunt on account of Deanport's coldneſs to miſs Moyſton; for ſhe is more enraged than the young lady herſelf. I am alſo vexed by the new proofs I daily receive of his growing paſſion for miſs Clifford.—Would to heaven you were here! I never ſtood in need of your ſage counſels ſo much.

E. DEANPORT.

LETTER LIII.

Miſs HORATIA CLIFFORD *to Mrs.* SOMMERS.

London.

You are ſeriouſly hurt, then, my dear, becauſe I have never ſaid a word of lord Deanport's attentions to me, of which, it ſeems, ſome more communicative correſpondent has favoured you with ſo many particulars. You conſider it as an inſtance of unkind reſerve to a friend, whoſe confidence in me has been unbounded. I dare ſwear you ſuſpected, that in this ſeaſon, ſo fertile in peerages, I was endeavouring, while the ſun ſhone, to ſecure, for my own uſe, part of the harveſt; and that, having ſucceeded, I meant to be ſuddenly announced to you as counteſs of Deanport, to dazzle your eyes with the brilliancy of my coronet, and mortify your heart with the idea of an old companion raiſed to a ſituation ſo far above you.

Ah! Juliet, how could you ſuſpect me of ſuch malice? Had I been capable of it, I ſhould have deſerved all that your friend miſs —— ſuffered, by being made a ducheſs.

Now, in anſwer to your accuſation,

> "I will a round unvarniſhed tale deliver,
> Of what reſerve, deceit, or mighty plot
> (For ſuch proceedings I am charged withal),
> I have been guilty."——

The firſt time I ever ſaw lord Deanport was at the ducheſs of ——'s aſſembly. I was ſitting between my aunt and Mrs. Demure, when her grace preſented him to me: he remained with us till we left the room. As he was an acquaintance of Mrs. Demure, I placed this piece of attention to her account. I afterwards met him at other aſſemblies: he ſometimes came into my aunt's box at the opera. I ſaw nothing particular in this, nor did I perceive any thing remarkable in his lordſhip's addreſs, except an affectation to whiſper, which I diſcouraged by a look of ſurpriſe, and by always anſwering aloud. Moſt people, who are uncommonly hand-

ſome and genteel, are thought conceited; ſometimes, no doubt, unjuſtly: but there certainly is nothing in lord Deanport's manner that tends to remove ſuch a ſuſpicion.

There is ſomewhat of conſtraint that could not have been expected in a man of his rank who has travelled; this is accompanied with a ſtately kind of obſequiouſneſs, a protecting bow, often repeated, which ſeems to proceed from pride, and that ſpecies of pride that ſprings from high birth, without the conſciouſneſs of any other ſuperiority: for, when a perſon is alſo conſcious of being ſuperior, or even equal to the company in other reſpects, it generally produces more eaſe, and leſs reſerve.

His lordſhip, however, cultivated an acquaintance with Mr. Darnley and my aunt: I ſaw him of courſe. His viſits becoming more aſſiduous, ſhe one day told me, with an air of great ſatisfaction, that I had certainly made a conqueſt of the young peer. I was by no means ſo much convinced of this as ſhe ſeemed to be; and it would not have afforded

me ſo much ſatisfaction if I had. I confeſs I did not think it worth while to mention this notion of my aunt in my letters to you; but pray, my dear, if they are not already burnt, will you take the trouble to look over them again, and ſee if, trifling as they are, they do not treat of ſubjects of juſt as much importance?

Yet, ſince you ſhow a partiality for this, I will give you a little more of it. I could not help remarking, that the noble lord's mother, the counteſs of Deanport, to whom, I believe, I was hardly known till very lately, ſeemed to view me with an evil eye: this I ſhould have borne without complaining. I knew that people are ſometimes offended without reaſon: I alſo knew that people of rank are as ſubject to this weakneſs as the loweſt vulgar; but I did not know that they could manifeſt it in the ſame manner:—lady Deanport made this clear to me.—My uncle's relation, Mrs. Courtney, had carried me to lady A——'s aſſembly. Towards the end of

the night, after ſhe had ordered up the carriage, ſhe recollected ſomething ſhe wiſhed to mention to her ladyſhip, and went, for that purpoſe, into another room, leaving me ſeated oppoſite to miſs Moyſton, the great heireſs, and her aunt. In that inſtant, lady Deanport came, and ſeated herſelf between them; then, fixing her eyes on me, ſhe whiſpered them in a very ſignificant manner. They turned their eyes alſo upon me, tittering, and ſometimes laughing aloud. The company had left the ſide of the room in which I ſat, ſo that I was in a very aukward ſituation, the eyes of every body being directed towards me, by the rudeneſs of theſe three women. Had they addreſſed any diſcourſe to me, perhaps I might have made ſome retort; but I could neither object to their laughing, nor their looking at me. Old general Randal, who was playing at whiſt, obſerving my diſtreſs, laid down his cards, came to me, ſaid he believed Mrs. Courtney waited for me, and led me into another

room, where ſhe was talking with the duchеſs of D——. "Your young friend was impatient to ſee you, madam," ſaid he, to Mrs. Courtney: then, addreſſing the ducheſs, he added—"Your grace has been accuſtomed to find great beauty an object of envy: had you been in the next room, you would have ſeen it, for the firſt time, the object of laughter."—This behaviour of the general is more in the ſtyle of the old than the new court. But you will allow, that what applied to her grace was more than mere compliment; particularly when, on the ducheſs's accoſting me, with her uſual condeſcenſion, he added—"No one ever experienced a happier tranſition from malice to benevolence than the lady your grace takes by the hand."

I was at a loſs to find out in what I had offended thoſe women, particularly the Moyſtons, with whom I am not acquainted.

Mrs. Demure (I believe you are acquainted with that lady) called on my aunt the following day. My aunt being abroad, ſhe

ſtayed great part of the forenoon with me. She is at once conſidered as the friend of lady Deanport and of the Moyſtons. I hinted to her what had happened at the aſſembly. She ſmiled, and ſaid—"I could eaſily give you the key to that cabinet of ſecrets, my dear, if it were proper."

"If it is not proper, I beg not to be entruſted with it," I replied.

Finding that I preſſed her no farther—"Come," reſumed ſhe, "I believe I may ſafely truſt you. My friend, lady Deanport, is one of the moſt prudent women on the face of the earth, and one of the moſt attentive of mothers. She naturally wiſhes her ſon to obtain a great fortune by marriage, becauſe ſhe conſiders his intereſt to be alſo hers, and has been uſing all her addreſs to promote one between her ſon and miſs Moyſton: but the young lady and her aunt having taken offence at the attention her ſon ſhows you, her ladyſhip is alarmed, leſt it ſhould prove an obſtacle to a ſcheme her heart is greatly ſet

on; on which account ſhe is irritated, and diſpoſed to mortify you. This is certainly beneath a woman of her rank; indeed of even a plebeian, of any degree of elevation of ſoul. But the beſt of people have their weakneſſes; and, I muſt confeſs, my friend is not entirely exempt from them." She afterwards repeated ſome very ſpiteful things that ſhe had heard lady Deanport ſay of me; begging me, at the ſame time, not to mind them. She then added ſome expreſſions, equally malicious, which ſhe had heard her utter, concerning lady Diana. This, I do aſſure you, provoked me more than the other; and I reſolved to vex the malicious woman in the only way in my power.—"You ought not, my dear miſs Clifford," ſaid Mrs. Demure, "to be provoked at my friend, lady Deanport: it is not from ill-will againſt you, or lady Diana, that ſhe ſpeaks ſo; it is merely becauſe ſhe fears that you will ſeduce the heart of her ſon from miſs

Moyſton: ſhe cannot bear the loſs of all that great fortune. She expects, if her ſon were in poſſeſſion of it, that ſhe herſelf would be much more eaſy in her own circumſtances. My friend is fond of money—very fond of money: it is her greateſt fault:—ſhe has it in common with many worthy people. She is alſo exceedingly fond of play; and, though in other reſpects a ſhrewd ſenſible woman, ſuperſtitious to childiſhneſs on that ſubject. Indeed, the whims that very acute people are influenced by, in gaming, are hardly credible. I muſt do my friend the juſtice to ſay, however, that ſhe is not in the leaſt ſuperſtitious in religious matters, except when ſhe is in ill health. Her enemies accuſe her of being avaricious, and extremely fond of money; but that is, in a great meaſure, owing to her often loſing at play. I am perſuaded, that if ſhe were always to win, ſhe would be more generous: but what can a woman do who frequently loſes more than

ſhe can pay? Her ſon cannot always ſupply her, which makes her ſo ſet on his marriage with miſs Moyſton."

This eloquent and friendly harangue had no effect in turning me from the reſolution I had formed; and which I found an opportunity of putting in practice, very ſoon after, at the ducheſs's, where lord Deanport accoſted me, in the preſence of his mother and her two accomplices. I liſtened to the *douceurs* he whiſpered in my ear with an air of far more complaiſance than I had ever before ſhown. They endeavoured to conceal their vexation by writhings and conſtrained ſmiles,—ſuch as a perſon on the rack, if he thought himſelf obliged to ſmile, might exhibit. I hope I was more ſucceſsful in *my* ſmiles; though, I confeſs, they were forced alſo; but I was determined to look as pleaſed as poſſible.

After I had teazed the three ladies ſufficiently, I told my aunt that I felt myſelf a

little indiſpoſed; which was really the caſe: for you have no idea how fatiguing it is to be continually conſtraining one's features into a ſimper when they have all the inclination in the world to be indulged in a yawn. My aunt withdrew immediately. My lord attended us to the carriage; and, as he was leading me paſt her ladyſhip and the heireſs, I could not help enjoying the rage that was apparent on the countenance of the one, and the mortification in that of the other.

The marchioneſs is ſtill at Richmond. Her friends will not part with her. I drove there yeſterday, in the intention to wheedle her from them: but what chance has an Engliſh woman to get the better of the French in the art of wheedling? They prevailed on her to ſtay, in ſpite of all my ſkill. She promiſes, however, to come to London after her return from Bath, where the lady intends to carry her.

Lady Diana is in good health and ſpirits. Poor Mrs. Denham, ſhe informs me, is ſomewhat better.

Adieu! my ſweet friend. Do not forget to preſent my love—I mean my reſpects, to your huſband.

H. CLIFFORD.

LETTER LIV.

Mrs. SOMMERS *to Miſs* H. CLIFFORD.

Aſhwood.

I SHOULD be ſeriouſly diſpleaſed, indeed, my dear Horatia, if you could ſuſpect that ſeeing a coronet on your head would raiſe the leaſt particle of envy in my heart. Have I not been ſenſible of your ſuperiority, in almoſt every accompliſhment, without any ſentiment but that of increaſing affection? The woman who, having ſome pretenſions to beauty, perceives that another is conſidered in every company as handſomer than herſelf, and yet retains the warmeſt friendſhip for that other, is aſſuredly incapable of repining at any other ſpecies of ſuperiority ſhe may have. I can never love you better, my dear, than I do at preſent, when you are only a plain ſpinſter: but you may rely upon it I ſhould not love you leſs though you were raiſed to the rank of

ducheſs to-morrow. I wiſh you to be my equal, my dear, in nothing but in happineſs; and that, becauſe I believe no woman can be happier than I am.

I am much obliged to you for your "round unvarniſhed tale," which has amuſed me very much; and, in return, I will give you a piece of advice. People do not remain long in debt when they can pay their creditors in this manner. Beſides, I am entitled to give you advice:—am I not a full year older than you? and am I not a married woman? Liſten, therefore, to the voice of a matron; for "Wiſdom dwelleth with Age."

I would not have you put implicit faith in the information you received from Mrs. Demure. Can you put confidence in a perſon who, calling herſelf lady Deanport's friend, ſpoke of her in the ſtyle ſhe did?

Her ladyſhip may love money too well; but I have heard that Mrs. Demure is hypocritical and revengeful, which are worſe faults. She once ſhowed a diſpoſition to form an in-

timacy with me; but my huſband gave me a hint not to encourage it. I believe he knows more of her hiſtory than he chooſes to communicate. I ſhall never aſk him a queſtion on that, or any other ſubject he is diſpoſed to avoid.

But I wiſh, my dear Horatia, that you would forego the reſolution of tormenting lady Deanport. What was repreſented to you was probably exaggerated, perhaps entirely without foundation; and, at any rate, declaring yourſelf her enemy will make her more actively yours, and juſtifies her in ſome degree for being ſo, and can do no good. Beſides, my dear, I cannot approve of the means you have uſed to vex her. In my humble opinion, you ought to be open with the young lord. Since you are determined not to have him, you ought to tell him ſo at once. No woman can be more deciſive than you when you pleaſe. A young woman may be forgiven for not ſaying *aye* to the man ſhe loves, when he firſt propoſes marriage to her; but

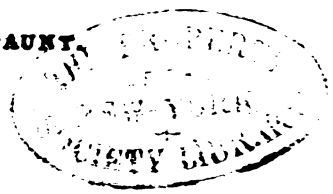
there is no excuſe for not ſaying *no*, in the moſt unequivocal manner, to him ſhe is determined to reject, ſhould he make the ſame propoſal. On reflection, I am certain you will be of my opinion, and will act accordingly.

My huſband ſends you his reſpectful love.

I remain, dear Horatia,

ever moſt affectionately yours,

JULIET SOMMERS.



LETTER LV.

Miſs HORATIA CLIFFORD *to Mrs.* SOMMERS.

London.

WITHOUT waiting for an anſwer to a letter I wrote to you two days ſince, as my aunt is engaged for the evening, I will endeavour to amuſe you, my dear, with a curious converſation, which I overheard laſt night at Mrs. Courtney's.

She generally keeps one room entirely clear of card-tables, where they who decline playing may converſe, without diſturbing or being diſturbed by the players.

When my aunt's party was made up, I went into that room with lady Blunt, a young lady, her niece, whom ſhe wiſhed to make me acquainted with.—Mrs. Demure ſoon after ſeated herſelf by me, with two other ladies; and ſeveral gentlemen ſtood around us.

Your huſband's friend, Mr. Mordaunt, was mentioned.

" I underſtand," ſaid ſir George Topley, " that he is at his brother's in Hampſhire, and expected in town ſoon."

" When he comes, George," ſaid lady Blunt, " you will do well to retire to the country."

" Why ſo?" the baronet aſked.

" Becauſe," replied ſhe, " copies appear to diſadvantage when placed near the original."

This remark raiſed a laugh, in which its rudeneſs would have prevented me from joining, had not the baronet himſelf laughed as much as any body, without making any other reply, except ſaying—" All the world knows that your ladyſhip is a wit;" and then laughed more heartily than before.

" There is no great wit, George," rejoined lady Blunt, " in remarking what is obvious to all the town; but, in my opinion, you had better chooſe another model; for

there are people, and good judges too, who think Mr. Mordaunt inimitable." As ſhe pronounced this, ſhe fixed Mrs. Demure, who affected to take no notice, till lady Blunt added—" Do not you think ſo, madam? You know the gentleman."

" Know him!" ſaid Mrs. Demure, with affected indifference, but evident emotion—" a man who is *every*-where muſt be, in ſome degree, known to *every*-body; but I know very little of the man, and only as a common acquaintance."

" Nay, now, my dear madam, I own you ſurpriſe me," ſaid lady Blunt; " for I could have ſworn that any woman who knew him at all would have thought him rather an *uncommon* acquaintance."

" I do not underſtand what your ladyſhip means by an *uncommon* acquaintance," rejoined Mrs. Demure, a little ſharply.

" I mean," ſaid lady Blunt, " an acquaintance with one of the moſt accompliſhed men in England,"

Mr. Clement, the clergyman, thinking the dialogue was in danger of becoming too warm, and with the ſole view, as I am convinced, to prevent that, and give it a pleaſanter turn, ſaid—"Your ladyſhip needed not have confined yourſelf to England; you might have added *Scotland, and even the town of Berwick-upon-Tweed.*" Then obſerving a Mr. Macdonald, who had riſen from one of the card-tables, and joined our circle, he added—"I hope the addition might have been made without offence to any of the company."

"As you ſeem to direct this to me, ſir," ſaid the Scot, "I muſt inform you that I am neither apt to take offence where it is not intended, nor to paſs it over when it is."

"In the preſent caſe," replied Mr. Clement, "you muſt be ſenſible that none could be intended."

"Without accurately examining what *could* be," reſumed the other, "I am willing to take it for granted that none was intended; and I am the more diſpoſed ſo to do on account

of your being a clergyman; for I honour the profeſſion, chiefly, indeed, becauſe my own father belonged to it."

"You are extremely obliging, ſir," ſaid Mr. Clement, bowing.

"It is always my intention to be obliging, ſir," replied Macdonald.—"But to return to the original aſſertion made by her ladyſhip; namely, 'that Mr. Mordaunt was one of the moſt accompliſhed men in England,' to which you ſaid that ſhe might have added Scotland, (as for Berwick-upon-Tweed I leave it out of the argument, as a neutral),—I muſt obſerve that the aſſertion might be juſt ſimply as her ladyſhip made it, without its being equally ſo conjoined to your appendage."

The preciſe manner in which this was pronounced, as well as the terms, ſeemed to put all the company in a gay humour.—Mr. Clement replied, with a ſmile, "that it poſſibly might be ſo."

"I only ſpeak of poſſibility, ſir. To ſay the thing is probable, though that may be

my own private opinion, would not be civil in this company: but I muſt add, that I have heard the gentleman in queſtion ſpoken of by the gallant colonel Sommers, under whom I ſerved, in ſuch terms as convince me that he is a very accompliſhed, as well as a very brave man."

"I have heard Mr. Mordaunt accuſed of being a very *romantic* character," ſaid lady Blunt's niece.

Her ladyſhip has this young lady much with her to prevent her from being witneſs to the diſcord that exiſts between her father and mother.—She is, I am told, a great reader of romances, particularly the ancient.

"Mr. Mordaunt being of a romantic character, my dear, will appear no heinous accuſation in your eyes," anſwered the aunt:—"Like the heroes of romance, he is always in love; and, like them too, he never marries: but he has not the leaſt reſemblance to the *preux chevaliers* in conſtancy—he is ra-

ther addicted to change, to the great affliction of ſome diſtreſſed damſels."

As ſhe ſaid this, ſhe glanced at Mrs. Demure, who ſeemed again a little diſconcerted.

"But the heroes of romance," reſumed the young lady, "*do* marry at the end."

"Yes, my dear," ſaid lady Blunt, "as you juſtly obſerve, *at the end*; for, when the man marries, he is no longer a hero, and his miſtreſs ſtill leſs a heroine; they become plain huſband and wife, juſt like your papa and mamma."

"Gracious me!" exclaimed the young lady, ſpreading her hands, and caſting up her eyes.

"Though Mordaunt's romance is not likely to come to ſo humiliating a concluſion," reſumed lady Blunt, "it was very near being cut ſhort in Italy, when he ſerved in the Auſtrian armies oppoſed to Buonaparte, where, I am told, he expoſed himſelf to many dangers."

"He had no more buſineſs to join the Auſtrians," ſaid ſir George Topley, "than

the knights you were talking of had to go to the Holy-Land."

"There is, ſurely, a difference between the caſes," reſumed Mr. Macdonald: "for though volunteering in the Auſtrian army is, perhaps, one of thoſe things in which you would not like to imitate Mr. Mordaunt; yet, as he happened to be in Italy at a time when the French were carrying every thing before them, he might naturally think that, in joining our allies againſt them, he was ſerving his country: not but I am of opinion that he would have judged better in coming home, and engaging in the militia, or in ſome volunteer corps, as you, ſir, no doubt, did."

"Indeed I did not," ſaid ſir George; becauſe, in ſpite of all the vapouring of the French about invading England, I was convinced they would never attempt it, and fully perſuaded of their being all ſunk or taken by our fleets if they did."

"What might have had ſome effect alſo,

my dear ſir George, in preventing your adopting the meaſures the gentleman mentions," added lady Blunt, "was your being very deeply engaged in ſeveral horſe-races in different and diſtant parts of the country."

With the ſame good-natured intention that had before induced him to interpoſe, Mr. Clement ſaid—"From all I have heard of Mr. Mordaunt, he is, certainly, a very gallant man; but, perhaps, like the *preux chevaliers* that have been mentioned, he is ſometimes fond of danger for danger's ſake."

"I humbly beg your pardon for differing from a gentleman of your cloth," reſumed Mr. Macdonald.—"I muſt ſay I take Mr. Mordaunt to have too much good ſenſe to love danger merely for danger's ſake. But I can conceive, that when a great degree of intrepidity is united to an ardent deſire of diſtinction, that a man may be fond of preſenting himſelf to hazardous ſituations, which he

might, without dishonour, have avoided; and this forms the difference between an officer who barely does his duty, that he may avoid reproach, and another who is actuated by zeal for the ſervice, and an ardent paſſion for honeſt and well-merited fame. Mr. Mordaunt having gone a volunteer into the Auſtrian ſervice, on motives which would have weighed with few, thought it would be unbecoming the character of an Engliſhman to keep aloof from danger, and therefore offered himſelf, on a variety of perilous occaſions, in conſequence of which he drew the admiration of the army, and obtained the praiſes of the general. But, previous to this, he was advantageouſly known to many Auſtrian officers of diſtinction, by a very ſingular adventure he had at Vienna with an Italian lady, who followed him from Rome to that capital."

Lady Blunt expreſſed a deſire to know all the circumſtances of this adventure; but Mr.

Macdonald ſaid, "that he had heard it mentioned only in general terms by colonel Sommers, who had declared that his friend had diſplayed great intrepidity and preſence of mind on the occaſion, without communicating the particulars."

"Perhaps," ſaid lady Blunt, "Mrs. Demure can favour us with the particulars?"

"I do not conceive," replied that lady, with a look of reſentment, "how your ladyſhip comes to imagine that I ſhould be acquainted with the gentleman's adventures."

"I merely thought it poſſible, my dear madam," ſaid lady Blunt; "and had not the leaſt idea that my ſuppoſition could have offended you."

"Offended me!" replied Mrs. Demure, forcing a ſmile:—"your ladyſhip never was more miſtaken in your life, if you imagine that the ſuppoſition *offends* me—though

I muſt acknowledge it *ſurpriſes* me a good deal."

"There are people," rejoined lady Blunt, "who are very much offended when they are ſurpriſed."

Mrs. Courtney joined us at that inſtant, and preſſed lady Blunt to a card-party, which put an end to the altercation. But I have ſome curioſity to know the circumſtances of the adventure to which Mr. Macdonald alluded—Your huſband undoubtedly knows the whole. He muſt be a ſingular kind of man, this friend of the colonel.—Pray, my dear, invite your huſband to tell you the particulars; and at your convenience tranſmit them to me—the ſooner the better. What a long and circumſtantial epiſtle this is!—I hope your next will be in the ſame ſtyle.

Lady Diana informs me that poor Mrs. Denham is ſtill in too feeble a ſtate of health to be left. Her eldeſt ſon has obtained a commiſſion in the army through her influ-

ence. The young man is to join his regiment directly. The marchioneſs has ſet out for Bath.

Farewell!

H. CLIFFORD.

I hope the Vienna adventure will be the ſubject of your next.

LETTER LVI.

Mrs. SOMMERS *to Miſs* HORATIA CLIFFORD.

MY DEAR HORATIA. Aſhwood.

WHEN I received your laſt letter, my huſband was going to a county-meeting, and not to return till the following day. I ſpoke to him on the ſubject you deſired. He immediately took from his bureau a paper, which he ſaid was a narrative of that affair. I had previouſly been informed that he was at Rome when Mr. Mordaunt firſt formed an acquaintance with the Italian lady in queſtion. That gentleman was then only about twenty years of age. His graceful appearance and addreſs produced the ſame effect in Italy that they had previouſly done in France and Germany. He was very much diſtinguiſhed by the ladies. This one in particular uſed all her art, and ſhe was miſtreſs of a great deal, to captivate him. She ſuc-

ceeded in ſuch a degree as to alarm all his friends, particularly my huſband, who was his greateſt intimate. She was graced with a title, was of a majeſtic perſon, and beautiful. I have heard, however, that, on certain occaſions, ſomething a little too maſculine appeared in the expreſſive features of her countenance. She poſſeſſed many accompliſhments, and all the powers of ſeduction. Though ſhe affected to be paſſionately enamoured of Mr. Mordaunt, yet ſhe maintained a reſerve of behaviour with him, which it was pretty generally believed ſhe had not always preſerved with other men. She was involved in debt, was five years older than Mr. Mordaunt. Her aim was to entice him into marriage. She would have gained her point, had not my huſband, who is alſo older by two years than his friend, at the riſk of mortally offending him, prevented. He ſucceeded in opening Mr. Mordaunt's eyes with regard to the character of the woman, and in convincing him of the folly of marrying a woman

who had nothing but beauty, and a few ſhowy accompliſhments, to recommend her. But, even after my huſband was convinced of all this, he ſtill dreaded the lady's powers in caſe of an interview. He prevailed on his friend to leave Rome without informing her of his intention. The two friends paſſed with rapidity to Venice; from whence, after a ſhort ſtay, they proceeded to Vienna, where they intended to ſpend the ſummer.

But my huſband at that time having only the rank of captain in the army, and hearing that there were ſome new levies to be made, and a chance of actual ſervice, returned ſuddenly to England, leaving Mr. Mordaunt at Vienna.

This much of the ſtory, my dear Horatia, I knew before; the written narrative delivered to me by my huſband begins at this period.

On giving it to me, he ſaid, "Having heard indiſtinctly of this affair, I wrote to Mordaunt for the particulars; but whether it proceeded from a diſlike to what ſo many people are

fond of, namely, being the hero of his own tale, or from a natural impatience of temper, which hurried him into new ſcenes where he expected new enjoyment, and deprived him of both leiſure and inclination to writing, I never received any thing but a few general expreſſions in his letters to me on the ſubject. The narrative I now give you," my huſband continued, "was ſent to me by a friend of Mordaunt's and mine, who remained with him at Vienna after I left it, and had been informed of all the particulars. This adventure, with ſome others he has ſince met with, have given my friend an unlucky prejudice againſt marriage. Had he been as fortunate as I have been in female acquaintance," added the colonel, "he would at this moment be convinced that matrimony is the happieſt of all ſtates."

There, my dear Horatia, is a gallant huſband for you! As ſoon as he left me I began to copy the narrative, as follows:

[As the Comteſſina was perſuaded that captain Sommers had always oppoſed her views on his friend, and that it was through his influence that Mr. Mordaunt had quitted Rome ſo abruptly, ſhe no ſooner heard of the captain's having returned to England, than ſhe determined on a journey to Vienna, in the view of regaining the hold ſhe formerly had on the affections of Mr. Mordaunt. To this ſhe combined a plan of intimidation, in caſe the other ſhould fail in accompliſhing her end.

With theſe views ſhe made the journey from Rome to Vienna, accompanied by a tall, fierce-looking, Neapolitan officer, whom ſhe called her brother.

Mr. Mordaunt was more ſurpriſed than diſpleaſed when he heard of her arrival.

Though he was fully convinced that her oſtentatious tenderneſs was all art and diſſimulation, and, of courſe, he was in a great meaſure cured of the affection and enthuſiaſtic admiration he had at one time enter-

tained, ſhe ſtill intereſted him to a conſiderable degree.

When they met, after complaining, with a pathetic accent, of his abrupt departure from Rome, ſhe ſaid, "that a few days after he diſappeared her brother had arrived from Sicily: his ſcheme being to proceed to Germany, on purpoſe to improve in his profeſſion by viewing the diſcipline of the German armies, he had perſuaded her to accompany him as far as Vienna, where ſhe intended to remain while he ſhould viſit the Auſtrian and Pruſſian garriſons; and, on his return to Vienna, her brother and ſhe propoſed to go back to Rome together."

The brother thanked Mr. Mordaunt, in the politeſt terms, for the attentions which, he underſtood, he had paid to his ſiſter at Rome; expreſſed a high admiration of the Engliſh nation, and great ſatisfaction in the thought of his ſiſter having ſo accompliſhed a cavalier to accompany her to the public places while ſhe remained at Vienna."

Mr. Mordaunt was not without ſuſpicion that there was ſome ſecret deſign under all this; but, as he found pleaſure in the lady's company, and was ſufficiently determined againſt her principal object, he continued to viſit them.

The lady appeared as alluring, and rather more complying than ever. One evening, which Mr. Mordaunt paſſed with the brother and ſiſter, ſhe let fall, as if accidentally, that her brother was to aſſiſt at a review of ſome regiments of Hungarian cavalry that was to take place the following morning. "Very true," ſaid the brother: "and I hope you will accompany me," added he, addreſſing Mordaunt; "but it will be rather too early for my ſiſter."

Mr. Mordaunt was juſt going to agree to the propoſal, when he felt his foot gently preſſed by that of the lady. So ſtrong a hint could not be miſunderſtood: he ſaid, "that he recollected a buſineſs which would

put it out of his power to be at the review."

The next day he viſited the lady.—They were ſurpriſed by the brother, and another ferocious-looking fellow in an officer's uniform.

The lady ſhrieked, and then exhibited a fainting-fit pretty naturally.

The ſtranger in the uniform ſaid, with ſeeming emotion—"Alas! ſignor, your ſiſter is dead."

The Neapolitan's countenance, which before expreſſed rage, now aſſumed the appearance of deſpair. Mordaunt, collecting his preſence of mind, was attentive to all their movements.

The lady, ſlowly opening her eyes, looked around with an air of amazement, as if ſhe had forgot what had paſſed.—"Where am I?" exclaimed ſhe, in a ſolemn tragic voice. "Good heavens! my deareſt brother, is it you!" continued ſhe, with an affected look of wildneſs.

This being over-acted, convinced Mr. Mordaunt of what he had ſuſpected from the beginning.

"Yes, wretched woman! it is your brother," exclaimed the Neapolitan; "in what a ſituation have I found you! Have you diſgraced your noble family? have you ſullied the purity of your illuſtrious blood?" Then, obſerving a ſmile on Mr. Mordaunt's countenance, he added, with a furious look, "What! does your undoer ſmile at the ruin he has produced!"

Mordaunt burſt into laughter.

This kindled the Neapolitan's rage more fiercely. After a flouriſh of oaths, he expatiated on the crime of ſeducing a woman.

Mr. Mordaunt coolly ſaid—"Seduction is certainly a crime, whether the ſeduced be man or woman."

The Neapolitan, raiſing his voice, declared—"that his ſiſter's honour could not be repaired otherwiſe than by marriage."

Mordaunt replied—"that he had no ob-

jection to her repairing it that way, or any other, that would anſwer the end."

"It is well, ſignor," ſaid the Neapolitan, in a gentle tone, being deceived by what Mordaunt had ſaid. "I could not doubt of your acting like a man of honour."

"You ſhall have leſs reaſon to doubt it now than ever," reſumed Mordaunt. "You ſhall find that I am neither to be deceived by an infamous conſpiracy, nor bullied by a couple of bravos."

The Neapolitan looked at his companion, who ſeemed confounded at the reſolute behaviour and words of Mordaunt.

Perceiving the Neapolitan to put his hand to the hilt of his ſword, Mordaunt, who, at the firſt alarm, had ſprung from the couch and ſeized his own ſword, which he held undrawn in his hand, addreſſed the two men in theſe words:—"If you intend aſſaſſination, you may perhaps ſucceed; but not before I ſhall have had the ſatisfaction of killing

the firſt of you who makes the attempt; and I am convinced that my friends have intereſt enough to get the other broken on the wheel."

Having ſaid this, he moved to the door, and withdrew, without interruption, from the Italians, who were overawed and confounded to ſuch a degree, that they remained ſilent and motionleſs for ſome minutes after he had left the room. The woman was the firſt that recovered the uſe of her tongue, which ſhe employed, until ſhe was out of breath, in vain execrations, and in abuſe of her two companions, as poltroons, particularly the ſtranger in the uniform. This man was a Dalmatian, whom they had picked up at Venice, and whom they dropped at the ſame city on their return to Rome.

I afterwards met this very Dalmatian at Venice; and, without much difficulty, prevailed on him to tell me all he knew of the ſtory; without which, I ſhould not have

been acquainted with ſome of the particulars above enumerated.]

After copying this long paper, you will not expect that I ſhould add much from myſelf: I cannot help, however, expreſſing a wiſh, my dear, that you may follow the counſel I gave at the end of my laſt.—Adieu! my deareſt Horatia: believe me ever yours,

JULIET SOMMERS.

LETTER LVII.

The Counteſs of DEANPORT *to* JAMES GRINDILL, *Eſq.*

London.

I AM more provoked at this girl Clifford than ever. She behaved in the moſt inſolent manner poſſible at an aſſembly, ſince the laſt time I wrote. I ſat by miſs Moyſton and her aunt: —my ſon entered,—I endeavoured to catch his eye, and draw him to them; but the moment he ſaw miſs Clifford, regardleſs of my beckoning, he made up to her. As I had reaſon to think ſhe was not very much pleaſed with me at that time, I had ſome hopes that, from ſpite againſt me, ſhe would have behaved coldly at leaſt to him; but, on the contrary, ſhe received his aſſiduities with the moſt flattering complacency: ſhe ſeemed to attend to none of the young fellows who ſurrounded her but him. She certainly perceived me make ſigns

to him to approach us. As often as he ſeemed ready to comply, ſhe addreſſed herſelf with ſuch ſmiling earneſtneſs to him that he could not quit her. She evidently enjoyed the grimaces of the aunt, the mortified looks of miſs Moyſton, and the rage which, I fear, was but too apparent in my countenance. You cannot conceive with what a triumphant air ſhe paſt us, as he led her to her carriage. If I ever forgive her the look ſhe threw on me, I hope ſhe will immediately after marry my ſon, and govern him as ſhe pleaſes for life.

It is clear that ſhe has conſulted her oracle; and the entire change of her conduct towards Deanport is in conſequence of the reſponſe of the Great Diana. From the hatred which I bear to that goddeſs I cannot doubt of hers to me; for it is not likely that an old maid ſhould have more good nature than other women. I conſider the Veſtal, therefore, as the firſt mover of the late inſult, and ſhall act accordingly.

It is in vain to attempt to turn my ſon from his preſent purſuit, eſpeciálly as long as the object of it encourages the chace; but it is not impoſſible to give it a termination very different from what the damſel herſelf, or her chaſte inſtructreſs, dreams of. In the mean time, I ſhall endeavour to cajole the Moyſtons, and keep them in as good humour as I can.

The very day after Miſs Clifford had enjoyed her triumph, though my breaſt was ſtill glowing with reſentment, I met Deanport at breakfaſt with a gay countenance.

I wiſhed to put him in good humour, which, by the way, is no eaſy taſk, particularly at breakfaſt. I don't know whether you have obſerved it; but people who are naturally ill-humoured ſhow it more at breakfaſt than at any other time. Beſides, he knew I had ſome reaſon to be diſpleaſed with *him*; of courſe he looked rather ſulky at *me*. I took no notice of that, and proceeded to converſe in the moſt eaſy and cheerful ſtyle on indifferent ſubjects. When I ſaw that the gloom

on his countenance was diſperſed,—"Apropos!" ſaid I, "you go on triumphantly in your affair with that girl."

He ſtared, and aſked, "What girl?"

"Why, *the Clifford*," anſwered I. "Every body remarks that you have already turned her head, and may do with her what you pleaſe."

"Lord!" ſaid he, his eyes ſparkling with vanity, "what idle conjectures people make! Miſs Clifford behaves to me only with common politeneſs."

"Nay, Deanport," ſaid I, "I have no deſign to penetrate into what you, as a man of honour, ought to keep ſecret; nor do I wiſh to be your confidant in ſuch affairs. I have no particular affection, it is true, for the girl, yet I am ſorry to ſee attentions paid to her which lead to *her* ruin; though, according to the unjuſt notions of the world of gallantry, they may add to *your* reputation. I wiſh you no freſh laurels at ſuch expenſe."

"I do not believe," ſaid he, "that any thing of that nature is ſuſpected."

"What elſe, my dear Deanport," ſaid I, "can be ſuſpected? Nobody thinks ſo meanly of you as to ſuſpect you have any ſerious views on ſuch a girl; and you are blamed for perſevering in your attentions to her, becauſe it may prevent ſome man, more ſuitable to her rank, from paying his addreſſes to her. You are accuſed of acting the part of the boys in the fable of the frogs: what was ſport to the former was death to the latter. The more reaſon there is, therefore, from the levity of this girl's character, and your reputation as a man of gallantry, to imagine that you may carry your point with her, I am the more ſolicitous that you ſhould give up the purſuit. You may depend upon it, my dear Deanport, that ſuch an inſtance of ſelf-denial would afford you more ſolid and permanent comfort than your ſucceſs can poſſibly do. But, if theſe reflections ſhould fail in deciding you entirely to abandon your deſigns on this girl, I hope a proper regard for your own intereſt will induce you to ſuſpend them at leaſt,

Your attentions to miſs Clifford alarm miſs Moyſton; and, if continued, may provoke her to that degree, that ſhe may throw herſelf into the arms of lord Sordid, or ſome other; for, depend upon it, ſhe may chooſe a huſband from the whole unmarried peers of the realm. It will afford you endleſs remorſe, ſhould a tranſient phantaſy, which will be over in a few months, preclude you from the means of gratifying every wiſh of your heart during your whole life."

It was evident, from the attention he paid to this harangue, that ſome part made a ſtrong impreſſion. He hinted, "that I was in an error with reſpect to miſs Clifford; that, notwithſtanding her natural vivacity, he knew no woman whoſe converſation and manner gave leſs encouragement to any attempt of the nature I had alluded to."

With a ſmile, expreſſive of compaſſion and contempt, I ſaid "I was extremely happy that he was of that way of thinking, becauſe

it would prevent him from making any ſuch attempt, and of courſe from ever feeling the remorſe which would ultimately attend his being undeceived."—To this he made no anſwer, and we ſeparated.

If he was ever ſo ſilly as to have matrimony in his head, I am pretty certain that I have ſhaken his purpoſe. He will now, at leaſt, make an eſſay to carry his point on eaſier terms. I confeſs I have no very ſanguine hopes of his ſucceſs. The girl ſeems to have firmneſs as well as pride, and a comfortable degree of reſpect for herſelf: all theſe are againſt my ſon. If ſhe had leſs ſenſe and ſpirit, I ſhould have better hopes; however, there is no knowing what may happen: any woman may be caught napping. But if, from her own pride, and the admonitions of the chaſte Diana, ſhe ſhould be on her guard, in that caſe, depend upon it, the young lady will give herſelf high airs of indignation: her purity, no doubt, will be

wonderfully offended; and ſhe may chance to ſay or do ſomething that will wound his lordſhip's vanity: and I ſhould not be ſurpriſed, if, in his wrath againſt miſs Clifford, he made propoſals of marriage to miſs Moyſton.—You ſmile at the folly of a man propoſing marriage to a woman about whom he is indifferent, on purpoſe to vex the woman he loves. Abſurd as it ſeems, I have known more than one of the wiſe lords of the creation commit this very folly. And as my ſon's conduct is as often regulated by caprice as that of any of his brethren, why ſhould I think him ſecure from the ſame folly?

But, ſhould it happen otherwiſe in the preſent inſtance, ſhould he bear the rebuff with patience, ſtill it will occaſion a temporary breach, that will require time, and the art of the chaſte Diana, to repair.

But do you know, that, after having put this attempt into his head, I am by no means clear that I ought to wiſh him ſucceſs (and,

to my knowledge, he has been ſucceſsful with women higher born than this Clifford)? For, though it would gratify my hatred againſt her preſent directreſs, as well as that I feel againſt the inſolent gipſy herſelf, to ſee her my ſon's miſtreſs, ſhe might even then retain too great aſcendency over him. In ſhort, I am not abſolutely certain that ſhe might not perſuade him, after all, to make her his wife.—What ſay you?

I heartily wiſh that this couſin of yours would conclude the buſineſs one way or the other. I ſympathiſe with you very ſincerely. I know what horrible conſtraint it is to attend a dying relation, from whom one has expectations, during a tedious illneſs;—to be obliged to wear the moſt melancholy aſpect, to ſpeak in a ſympathiſing accent, to raiſe his head, to ſmooth his pillow—Ah! how diſguſting! I went through the whole nauſeous proceſs in the very flower of my youth, in the laſt illneſs of my grandfather;

and, after all, the ungrateful dotard left his whole fortune to my brother, who never handed him a cup of water-gruel!

Farewell!

E. DEANPORT.

P. S. I had almoſt forgot to inform you, that your old acquaintance, Mr. Townly, is a good deal with my ſon at preſent. Townly has long lived a painful life, to maintain the reputation of a man of pleaſure; and though now unfit for the practice, he is thought to be profoundly ſkilled in the theory of gallantry. As my ſon has been accuſtomed, from his childhood, to conſider him in that view, and at the top of faſhion, what he ſuggeſts would have great weight with his lordſhip. I do not chooſe to commit myſelf ſo far as to give any hint to Townly, but you may.

Send me your notions, at large, on all I have written.

On reflection, I have reſolved on a complete alteration in my behaviour to miſs Clifford. I intend to make up to her with every appearance of eſteem; as much, if I am able to aſſume it, as I feel of real reſentment.—Do not you think this proper? It will facilitate the views of my ſon, put the nymph off her guard, and diſpoſe her to receive his advances with more indulgence.

LETTER LVIII.

Mrs. DARNLEY *to Lady* DIANA FRANKLIN.

London.

I CANNOT deny myſelf the pleaſure of informing your ladyſhip that young lord Deanport has of late ſhown ſo much attention to my niece Horatia, that I am convinced he means to make her a propoſal of marriage.

Independent of his rank and fortune, he is handſome, extremely polite, and was pretty generally allowed to have danced the ſecond beſt minuet at the laſt birth-day ball. He never ſpeaks in parliament, not being of a talkative diſpoſition: beſides, I am told that all ſpeaking there is conſidered now as ſuperfluous. His lordſhip has no great taſte for politics—partly, I believe, becauſe it has of late been the prevailing taſte of the vulgar.

There is a report that he is ſpeedily to be appointed to an important office; but whether in the cabinet or houſehold is not certain.

Your ladyſhip muſt be ſenſible of the many advantages of ſuch a match to the dear girl in whoſe welfare I know you take ſo ſincere an intereſt; but you will be ſurpriſed and concerned to hear, that, with all her underſtanding, ſhe herſelf ſeems to be leſs moved by thoſe advantages than her beſt friends could wiſh; though of late, indeed, ſhe behaves with more reſpect to the young nobleman than ſhe did at firſt: but in a private converſation I had with her laſt night, ſhe betrayed ſo great a diſregard of his endowments, and a blindneſs to the other advantages of ſuch a connection, as diſtreſſes me extremely. Your ladyſhip knows that Horatia refuſed a man of ſtill greater fortune than his lordſhip when ſhe was abroad with her father. He was only a commoner, indeed, though rich enough to

have made three peers. But it was not on account of his not being a peer that ſhe refuſed him. I have reaſon to believe it was merely becauſe ſhe thought rather meanly of his underſtanding; though, in other points, an exceeding reſpectable man.

As my dear brother never blamed his daughter for this, I ſhall not take on me to condemn her: but this I muſt ſay, that if ſeveral women of my acquaintance, who are very comfortably married, had poſſeſſed a particle of the ſame ſcruple, they would never have been united to their preſent huſbands. So Horatia ought not to allow a prejudice of this nature to have too much weight.

As your ladyſhip has more influence with her than any body, I thought it right to acquaint you with what I conceive to be lord Deanport's intention, that you may prevent her from falling into an error ſimilar to the former, if the former was an error; becauſe it would be more inexcuſable now, when ſhe

is of a riper age, and ought to have acquired more wiſdom.

I have not ſpoken on this ſubject to my huſband, becauſe I cannot ſay that lord Deanport has directly made a propoſal of marriage to my niece; but I have a thouſand reaſons for believing that it is her fault, and not his. Thoſe reaſons I am not fond of ſtating circumſtantially to my huſband, becauſe men in general do not fully comprehend ſuch matters, and no man in particular leſs than Mr. Darnley, though, in moſt other things, he has a very clear judgment.

I am convinced, from your ladyſhip's acknowledged good ſenſe, and from the friendſhip you have always ſhown my niece, that you will not delay to warn her againſt the folly and danger of keeping a perſon of lord Deanport's rank long in ſuſpenſe, particularly as I have reaſon to believe that his mother wiſhes him to court the rich miſs Moyſton, who, in conjunction with her ladyſhip, is doing all in her power to engage his affec-

LETTER LIX.

Lady DIANA FRANKLIN *to Miſs* DARNLEY.

MY DEAR MADAM.

As the perſon you mention has not hitherto made any propoſal to our young friend, it would be improper for me to write or ſpeak to her on the ſubject. Indeed, I ſhould take no notice of it to her, though I were hereafter to be informed that he had actually made propoſals, unleſs ſhe herſelf aſked my opinion or advice. From what I know of the character and diſpoſition of your niece, I am perſuaded that ſhe will not give her hand to any man, without informing Mr. Darnley and you, and endeavouring to obtain your approbation. This, I think, ought to ſatisfy all her relations and friends; eſpecially, as ſhe really never has given any proof of caprice, or want of diſcernment, in her likings or diſlikings. As for the gentleman to whom

you allude, whom ſhe refuſed to marry when ſhe was only ſeventeen, the debaſing taſtes which he has ſince diſplayed, and the wretched figure he makes in life, ſhould prevent either herſelf or her friends from regretting her rejection of him. Aſſuredly, my dear madam, you have not been informed of his preſent ſtyle of life: and you have too much penetration not to have obſerved that the moſt affluent fortune would be no compenſation to a woman of Horatia's turn of mind, for having a ridiculous, an ignorant, or even a well-meaning weak man, to her huſband. She never will marry, I am fully perſuaded, until ſhe is aſked by a man whom ſhe highly eſteems, independent of his fortune, his rank, and his diſpoſition. She muſt have a man of underſtanding for her huſband.

You hint that I have reaſon to complain of lady Deanport's ſentiment of me. While ſhe refrains from injurious actions I ſhall remain indifferent about her ſentiments.

If ever Horatia ſhould conſult me on the

the ſubject of your letter, you may reſt ſatisfied that my advice ſhall be given without any conſideration of that lady's prejudice againſt me.

'Mrs. Denham is better, but not ſo well as to allow me to think of leaving her. She has ſupported a ſevere and tedious illneſs with reſignation and fortitude; and has given proofs of a moſt amiable,—and, what is more, of a Chriſtian, diſpoſition. She will have reaſon to ſay, "it is good for me that I have been afflicted."

I remain, my dear madam, with reſpectful compliments to Mr. Darnley,

Your moſt obedient,

humble ſervant,

DIANA FRANKLIN.

In anſwer to the queſtion in your poſtcript, I think no young woman ought to give her conſent to a propoſal of marriage without conſulting her friends. But, if ſhe is deter-

mined to refuſe the propoſal, ſhe acts with delicacy to the man in concealing it; becauſe no man likes to have it known that he has been rejected. She alſo acts with delicacy to her own relations; becauſe, though they ſhould think her objections frivolous, ſhe might feel them to be inſurmountable.

LETTER LX.

JAMES GRINDILL, *Esq. to the* COUNTESS *of* DEANPORT.

South Wales.

I ENTER warmly into your ladyſhip's reſentment againſt miſs Clifford.

Your having appeared in good humour the morning after the ſcene at the aſſembly was neceſſary for retaining your influence with lord Deanport, and for giving weight to the inuendos you threw out. Had you ſeemed diſpleaſed, or permitted any upbraiding expreſſion to fall from you, on account of his attachment to miſs Clifford, the effect would have been to have made him pay his court to her more aſſiduouſly than ever. Your ladyſhip muſt have obſerved that nothing is ſo apt to make ſome people adhere to whatever whim they take into their head than oppoſing it. Argument, however ſtrong,

inſtead of convincing, irritates: and, even when convinced that the meaſure they are inclined to is pernicious, the pleaſure of croſſing the diſapprovers, though they may be their beſt friends, overcomes, in the minds of people of this character, every conſideration of decorum, or even of intereſt. But why do I mention this to your ladyſhip, who underſtands character ſo well; and who, I am ſure, will never be ſo much off your guard as, from heat or want of temper, to provoke a perſon it is ſo much your intereſt to manage? The motive to which you imputed all his attentions, and the hints that they would be ſucceſsful, flattered his vanity without ſhowing diſapprobation of his taſte, and will, probably, ſtimulate him to what he might not otherwiſe have had hardihood ſufficient to undertake. Notwithſtanding the cautions in my laſt againſt any rough attack on the lady's character, the ingenious manner in which you conducted it, I imagine, will anſwer one or the other of the

purpoſes you propoſed. I alſo approve of your abſtaining, on that occaſion, from all praiſes of the lady's wit or underſtanding, becauſe they might have given him a ſuſpicion of your having a perſonal malignity againſt the girl, and of having ſome private view in making her peculiarly odious to him. Panegyricks of that inſidious nature may be found expedient on ſome future occaſion however; and, I am convinced, will not fail of the intended effect. The diſcernment with which you have perceived, and the ſagacity with which you intend to repair the ſmall miſtake you committed in ſhowing reſentment againſt miſs Clifford, is moſt admirable. I have not the leaſt doubt that your former behaviour has piqued the damſel, and that ſhe has given herſelf the airs you mention, merely to vex you, and in revenge for your preferring miſs Moyſton. Whether the late change in miſs Clifford's behaviour to your ſon proceeds from her being more ſtruck than formerly with his lordſhip's appearance, or from

reſentment or caprice, it is laudable in your ladyſhip to render the circumſtance ſubſervient to your own views, which are thoſe of a prudent mother, anxious for the permanent happineſs of her ſon.

Miſs Moyſton and miſs Clifford are as different in character as in appearance; yet the difference in one material part of their character, very probably, has depended, in a great meaſure, on the difference in their appearance. A large proportion of prudes are to be found among women decidedly ugly; whereas, in general, the handſome, or, which forms a greater number, thoſe who think themſelves ſo, have a tendency to coquetry. We might expect it would be ſo, even though we had not obſerved that the truth of the remark is confirmed by experience. The conſciouſneſs of beauty naturally inſpires gayity, and a deſire of exciting admiration by a diſplay of perſonal charms. The conſciouſneſs of a total want of perſonal charms is apt to inſpire diſcontent, envy, and cenſoriouſ-

neſs. From this may have ſprung that moroſeneſs and prudery which is remarked in miſs Moyſton; as well as the gaiety, verſatility, and occaſional coquetry, of miſs Clifford's behaviour. But, though different in thoſe reſpects, each of thoſe ladies is poſſeſſed of attractions for a young nobleman like lord Deanport. What alone is deſirable in the one, unqueſtionably, is her fortune, which cannot be obtained otherwiſe than by marriage; but what attracts him in the other may be enjoyed without that degrading ceremony. I wiſh him ſucceſs in both. But if he is to fail in one of his objects, it had better be in that to which he is prompted by a tranſient inclination, than in the other, which is founded in a paſſion for money; a paſſion of which his lordſhip has already given indications, and which generally ſtrengthens with age.

Your ladyſhip, with admirable penetration into the ſecret ſources of human conduct, expreſſes a fear that the pride you ob-

ſerve in miſs Clifford's character will prove a defence againſt his lordſhip's attempts; but what I imagine will contribute to the ſame effect, is that ſpecies of pride which belongs to his own character, which is too viſible in his manner, and hurts the ſelf-love of others. There is a certain loftineſs in his addreſs, even to women, which gives the impreſſion that he is prepoſſeſſed with the notion that his notice does them honour. There is reaſon to dread that this will be a bar to his ſucceſs with miſs Clifford, who, with leſs ſtatelineſs, has the preſumption, I ſuſpect, of being as proud as his lordſhip. It may, however, have the effect which your ladyſhip alſo foreſees, of making her repulſe him with an arrogance which will convert his love into hatred. There is no knowing how it may affect her. No experience of your charming ſex, my dear lady Deanport, can enable one to decide how any individual woman will act, on particular emergencies; as no experience of ours can make it certain how any indi-

vidual man, who is under the influence of love, will be affected by the ſcorn or caprice of the woman he loves.

Your ladyſhip juſtly remarks, that any woman may be caught napping; but it is alſo true, that ſome women have a greater diſpoſition to be drowſy than others: and thoſe who are endowed with that pride, which you ſuſpect to belong to the character of miſs Clifford, are the moſt wakeful.

I own I do not much dread a danger, which you ſeem to apprehend might be the conſequence of his victory; namely, that, after being his miſtreſs, ſhe might perſuade him to make her his wife, and retain an aſcendency over him that would annihilate all your ladyſhip's influence. I beg leave to remind you of what you have often complained, in your ſon's diſpoſition, that, though eager to obtain whatever ſtrikes his fancy, and miſerable if he miſſes it, yet, when obtained, and in his poſſeſſion, it directly begins to loſe its charms, and ſoon becomes in-

ſipid. You may reſt aſſured that this verſatility is never more ſudden than in the connection of men of that diſpoſition with women. Favours are ſaid to be the food of love; yet, in my opinion, it often dies of that aliment. But I imagine that, on this occaſion, your ladyſhip confounds the conduct of ſuch men in their youth with what is often their fate in the decline of life. If at that period they chance to be bachelors, they are apt to be the ſlaves of mercenary miſtreſſes, who rule them with a rod of iron. In youth they are ever in ſearch of variety; in age they are governed by habit.—I confeſs, that if lord Deanport was verging towards old age, or if his conſtitution was ſo broken by exceſſes, that he had anticipated its imbecillities, I ſhould have the ſame apprehenſions with your ladyſhip, and think it probable that any woman who could accommodate herſelf to his caprices, and bear occaſional fits of ill-uſage, would have the management of him, and finally prevail on him to marry her: but from a woman of miſs Clifford's character

nothing of that kind is to be dreaded, either in his preſent ſtate of health, or in that above ſuppoſed; becauſe, in the firſt caſe, ſhe would ſoon loſe all hold of him from his natural fickleneſs, and, in the ſecond, ſhe would not bear to live with him, even were he to offer her marriage.

You will obſerve, that my beſt hopes are founded on this damſel's giving herſelf ſuch airs as will wound his lordſhip's vanity, and occaſion, at leaſt, a temporary breach between them, which your ladyſhip may then render irreparable.

I have the pleaſure to inform you, that appearances in this quarter of the world are more favourable than ever; and I am in full hope that this tedious buſineſs is very near a concluſion: after which, you may depend on my abridging all ceremonies here, that I may have the happineſs of waiting on your ladyſhip as ſoon as poſſible.

I remain,

Your faithful and obedient ſervant,

J. GRINDILL.

P. S. I ſhall write to Townly by this very poſt, in the ſtyle your ladyſhip wiſhes:— it may be of ſervice. He is wonderfully flattered by being thought an adept in the ſcience of gallantry. He will boaſt to my lord of his own ſucceſſes; and perhaps ſtimulate him to an attempt, which, whatever way it ends, muſt be favourable to your views.

LETTER LXI.

JAMES GRINDILL, *Esq.* *to* ROBERT TOWNLY, *Esq.*

YOU, my dear Townly, have, through life, sacrificed what is called business, and every other object, to the pursuit of pleasure; and no man alive is supposed to have been more successful in the chace.—However ambitious I may have been to imitate you, I am, at present, as you may have learned from lord Deanport, reduced to the necessity of sacrificing the pleasure of being with those I love in town to the painful occupation of attending a dying relation in Wales.

It is to be hoped that my penance draws near a close. In the mean time, I am going to write to you confidentially on a subject, in which, from your friendship to the earl of Deanport, I am persuaded, you will feel yourself as much interested as I am.

The relations of that young nobleman, as I am informed, are extremely uneaſy on account of his attachment to a miſs Clifford of Northumberland. How, indeed, can they be otherwiſe, conſidering the number of young men of rank and fortune who have thrown themſelves away of late on girls who have neither; in ſome inſtances, not even beauty; or, at leaſt, not more than may be purchaſed for a few guineas. The girl, I underſtand, is artful, and is uſing every means in her power to draw his lordſhip into a marriage:—nothing can be more equitable, therefore, than to make her the dupe of her own artifices. And who is ſo able to inſtruct him how to elude the ſnares laid for him, or to entrap the enſnarer, as yourſelf? Who can boaſt more knowledge of the world? Who has applied his talents more ſucceſsfully to that half of it which it is moſt pleaſant to ſtudy, and moſt difficult to underſtand? Though I could not help partaking of the uneaſineſs which the young lord's relations feel on the preſent occaſion, yet, on my

part, it has been a good deal alleviated, ſince I was informed that you were ſo much with his lordſhip of late. I have no doubt of your having ſufficient influence to prevail on him either to renounce his preſent purſuit altogether, or to attempt bringing it to an iſſue on eaſier terms than thoſe deſigning perſons who have drawn him into it expect.

I hope ſoon to hear of the good effects of your ſage advice; and remain,

My dear ſir,

Your ſincere friend and ſervant,

J. GRINDILL.

LETTER LXII.

Miſs HORATIA CLIFFORD *to Mrs.* SOMMERS.

London.

I HAVE many thanks to return you, my dearest Juliet, for the trouble you took in gratifying my idle curioſity to know the particulars of Mr. Mordaunt's adventure. Whatever regards ſo intimate a friend of your huſband muſt intereſt me in ſome degree: but if I had foreſeen that my requeſt would have ſubjected you to the taſk of copying ſo long a narrative, I, perhaps, ſhould not have made it, though the circumſtances are in themſelves intereſting. What a ſhocking creature, with all her beauty, muſt that Italian woman be! What an horrid idea, to endeavour to terrify a man into marriage! But it appears that Mr. Mordaunt is not a man to be terrified.—Don't you think there is ſomething very ſtriking in that gentleman's character?

With regard to Mrs. Demure, ſimilar reflections with thoſe you ſuggeſt, on what ſhe ſaid of lady Deanport, occurred to myſelf; and therefore I would have laid little ſtreſs on her teſtimony if it had not been confirmed by that of others, of whoſe candour I had a better opinion.

I ſtrongly ſuſpect that ſhe is fond of detraction, and that there is little reality in the ſenſibility which ſhe is ſo fond of profeſſing.

I believe I formerly informed you, that I had remarked that ſhe was apt to betray ill humour as often as Mr. Mordaunt's name was mentioned.—I don't know what tempted me, this very morning, to aſk her if ſhe was much acquainted with that gentleman. She replied, with peculiar acrimony of voice and countenance, "that ſhe would be ſorry to be much acquainted with ſuch a profligate."

Though I had ſome inclination to know on what her opinion was founded, I was diſcouraged by her manner of receiving the firſt from putting another queſtion. Beſides, I

was convinced that, if the gentleman deſerved the character ſhe gave him, he would not have been the choſen friend of colonel Sommers.

My aunt, however, is delighted with the refined and noble ſentiments of which Mrs. Demure makes a frequent diſplay—though ſhe could not help being ſomewhat ſhocked at what occurred yeſterday. Mrs. Demure happening to call as my aunt and I were ſtepping into the coach to go to Kenſington-gardens, ſhe went with us. After walking for ſome time, we went into one of thoſe covered ſeats, or boxes, near the palace. My aunt ſpoke with high eſteem of a nobleman lately deceaſed. She enumerated many of his good qualities.—

"What I admired above all, in your friend," ſaid Mrs. Demure, with a very theatrical air, "was, that

> "He had a tear for pity, and a hand
> Open as day for melting charity."

She had no ſooner pronounced this, than a pale emaciated man, who had, perhaps, heard her, preſented himſelf at the open ſide of the box, and implored her charity.

What made her loſe her temper I cannot imagine; for nothing in the poor man's appearance and manner was calculated to excite any ſentiment but that of compaſſion. Mrs. Demure, however, turned on him with anger, called him an idle intruding vagabond, and added, "that ſhe thanked God ſhe knew how to beſtow her money better than on lazy fellows like him!"—The man bowed with a look of reſignation, and, without making any other reply, withdrew.

Mrs. Demure then reſumed her eulogium on the deceaſed nobleman, which ſhe concluded by ſaying, with a plaintive tone of voice, "ſhe was much afraid that few men alive could be compared to him for genuine benevolence of heart."

My aunt ſtepped for a minute out of the

box.—I afterwards diſcovered that it was to ſend her footman with a guinea to the poor man.

I wiſhed to have had ſome diſcourſe this morning with my aunt on Mrs. Demure's conduct on that occaſion: ſhe only ſaid "ſhe was perſuaded that her friend had miſtaken the poor man's character," and then changed the ſubject, which is her conſtant practice, when ſhe has nothing advantageous to ſay of the perſon ſpoken of.

I wiſh, however, my aunt may not be more miſtaken in Mrs. Demure's character than that lady was in the man's.—What could be a ſurer indication of character than what I have juſt related.—At the very inſtant, when ſhe ſeemed enraptured with ſentiments of benevolence, an occaſion preſents itſelf for putting them in practice: ſhe not only ſhrinks from it, but is enraged at the miſerable object who furniſhed her with the opportunity ſhe appeared to be ſo deſirous of.

For the ſake of ſome people of my acquaintance, I ſhould be ſorry to think that all whom I have obſerved to be fond of expreſſing heroic and diſintereſted ſentiments are deficient in the practice of benevolence; but I acknowledge that I am a little ſuſpicious of thoſe who are profuſe of ſuch declarations.

The fears you expreſs in your laſt, leſt my openly braving the counteſs of Deanport ſhould expoſe me to her vengeance, are worthy of your friendſhip, and of a piece with that forgiving mildneſs of diſpoſition which I have long admired in you, my ſweet friend, without always being able to imitate it. In the preſent inſtance, however, I have followed your counſel.——I have——No; let me not try to deceive you in the moſt trifling particular—let me not hang out falſe colours to my friend—let her regard me juſt as I am. If I thought any part of your affection was derived from your believing me to be poſſeſſed of qualities I have not, it would abate in

ſome degree the pleaſure I have in reflecting on your friendſhip. I ſhould ſay, It is not me that Juliet loves and eſteems, it is a better woman. In aſſerting a truth, I was on the point of leading you to believe a falſehood: it is true that I have done exactly what you adviſed; but it was not in compliance with your advice, as I was leading you to believe, for I had begun to do ſo for other reaſons, before I received your letter.

I accompanied my aunt, a few nights ſince, to the ambaſſadreſs's. Lady Deanport was there. You will naturally believe, that all I wiſhed was, that ſhe might take no notice of me. You cannot conceive my ſurpriſe, when, after addreſſing Mrs. Darnley in the uſual terms of politeneſs, ſhe ſpoke to me in the moſt obliging manner. I anſwered her at firſt a little drily; but ſhe continued with ſuch an eaſy air, and in ſo affable a ſtyle, that it was impoſſible for me to preſerve the coldneſs I had aſſumed. You know, my dear, that, however ſtrong my reſentment may be,

it never could reſiſt the firſt ſymptoms of repentance in the perſon who had raiſed it. The counteſs ſpoke in ſo conciliating a tone, that I really thought ſhe was ſenſible ſhe had behaved to me improperly, and was ſolicitous that I ſhould forget it. She inquired when I had heard from my friend lady Diana. This was near rekindling my reſentment. It brought what Mrs. Demure had told me back to my recollection; but, before I had time to give any anſwer, ſhe added ſo many obliging expreſſions concerning lady Diana, that I began to think Mrs. Demure's repreſentations muſt have been founded on miſtake: my coldneſs diſſolved, and I met her ladyſhip's advances, not only with a conciliating countenance, but with real good-will. My lord joined us while we were converſing in this cordial manner. He ſeemed delighted to find his mother and me on ſuch terms. My behaviour to him was more frank than it had ever been; more ſo even than his to me; for when he attempts to be frank he has the

air of condeſcending: beſides, it is difficult to keep up a converſation with him, becauſe what one is to ſay depends upon what was laſt ſaid; but he is exceedingly apt to give a ſimper for an anſwer; and then, if one has not the talent of lady Voluble, whoſe diſcourſe admits no commas, colons, nor ſtops of any kind, one muſt of courſe be a little at a loſs; for far am I from being able to interpret the meaning of all his ſimpers or ſmiles, if you pleaſe, that I ſometimes cannot decide whether the moſt expreſſive of them mean *yes* or *no*.

With regard to your advice, 'that I ſhould give him an unequivocal anſwer,' you may depend upon it he ſhall have it; but he muſt firſt put the queſtion, which he has never yet done; and which, now that my reſentment againſt lady Deanport is diſſipated, I ſincerely hope he never intends to do.

I am better pleaſed to be on a good footing than a bad with lady Deanport; and I feel ſome ſenſe of obligation to her ſon for

the civilities he ſhows to me; but I do not wiſh to be connected with either by any other link than that of general acquaintance. What gives me uneaſineſs, and really mortifies me a good deal, is to perceive that my aunt Darnley is mightily elated by the attentions of this noble peer. My aunt, you know, is one of the moſt benevolent of women; ſhe loves me with the affection of a mother: her partiality to me convinces her that I would make a good figure as a peereſs; my partiality to myſelf, you may ſuppoſe, inclines me to the ſame opinion. She ardently wiſhes that I may marry a peer. Perhaps I wiſh the ſame, though not ſo ardently. She would prefer a duke, but would be for my accepting of an earl, if he ſhould make the offer at preſent,—becauſe delays are dangerous. Unfortunately, not ſo much as a baron has, as yet, had that complaiſance; and the noble earl, on whom her hopes are now fixed, is not to my taſte. In caſe he really has the intention, which I evidently ſee ſhe ſuppoſes, I ſhould dread ſome diſagreeable

ſcene between my aunt and me on that account, were it not for my uncle, who, with equal benevolence, is of a different character, and, I am certain, would approve of my preferring a commoner, with a moderate fortune, to a peer with the moſt opulent, provided I eſteemed the former moſt. I do not know that you are thoroughly acquainted with Mr. Darnley, my dear. He is a man that—But I am interrupted. In my next I ſhall give you a pretty diſtinct notion of what ſort of a man my uncle is. Farewell!

H. CLIFFORD.

LETTER LXIII.

Miſs HORATIA CLIFFORD *to Mrs.* SOMMERS.

London.

WHEN I was interrupted, I was going to tell you, my dear Juliet, that Mr. Darnley is a man whom few things can much elate or depreſs—whoſe *blood and judgment are well co-mingled:* he has taken *Fortune's buffets and rewards with equal thanks.* He ſeems to have been formed by Nature for a Stoic philoſopher. No conſideration will make him deviate from what he thinks the line of integrity. In other matters he is yielding to the humours of others, particularly to thoſe of my aunt.

At her ſolicitation, he lives eight months every year in town, and only four at his eſtate in Oxfordſhire. He ſaid nothing could be more reaſonable; becauſe, though his li-

brary was in his country-houſe, yet he could have the uſe of any book he pleaſed while he was at London; whereas, his wife could not have aſſemblies, and operas, and plays, which were to her what books were to him, in the ſame perfection in the country as in London. He had, originally, a very good eſtate; which he has not diminiſhed, nor ever had a wiſh to augment.

He was forty years of age when he married my aunt, who was about ten years younger. He once told me—"That he had been, in ſome degree, attracted by her beauty, more by her cheerful and accommodating temper, and moſt of all by his friendſhip for my father and mother. I was more ambitious to be connected with them," added he, "than with any duke or ducheſs in England. I certainly love you for your own ſake, my dear Horatia; but, I believe, in my conſcience, ſtill more for theirs. You will be a good woman indeed, my dear, if you ſhould ever be thought equal to your mother."

Though he uttered this with fervour, his eyes were dry: that was not the caſe with mine.—"I did not mean," reſumed he, "to diſtreſs you, but to give you pleaſure. Is it not an honour, and ought it not to afford you pleaſure, to be the offspring of two of the worthieſt people in England? We ſee people proud of their birth and titles, even when thoſe titles were obtained without merit; but you, my dear, have a legitimate claim to the *pride of birth*. You muſt, however, always keep in your mind, that if the daughter of ſuch a father and mother as you can boaſt has only an ordinary ſhare of merit, ſhe will be thought to have degenerated."

I cannot deſcribe how I was affected by this diſcourſe of Mr. Darnley. In ſpite of the ſadneſs which the recollection of the loſs of my parents always occaſions, to hear them praiſed was delightful,—it was *the joy of grief—pleaſant like the ſhower of ſpring, when it ſoftens the branches of the oak, and the young leaf lifts its green head* *.

* Oſſian.

I will conclude this rambling letter with an anecdote at once characteriſtic of both my uncle and aunt. She, you know, my dear, is of a very hoſpitable diſpoſition; ſhe loves to give frequent entertainments, and is peculiarly gratified by having people of rank at her table. But, though ſhe annually exhauſts the ſum which he, with more regard to her taſte than his own, moſt liberally allows for houſehold expenſes, yet ſhe endeavours not to exceed it. A perſon who poſſeſſed a conſiderable annuity from my uncle died lately. My aunt, willing to add a little more ſplendor to their preſent eſtabliſhment, before ſhe would make the propoſal, obſerved to my uncle, one day at breakfaſt, that this annuity made ſuch an augmentation of their income, as would enable him, without inconveniency, to increaſe their expenſes, unleſs he choſe rather to lay it up.

"I have no intention to lay it up, my dear," ſaid he.

" Indeed," replied ſhe, " I ſhould think it hardly worth while."

" I am glad you are of my opinion, my dear; and ſhall now inform you, that I have deſtined one half of that annuity to the maintenance and education of the orphan children of our late curate in the country, and the other half to that diſtant relation of yours who was ſtruck with the palſy; unleſs," continued he, " you have thought of ſome more uſeful way of employing it."

A very deep bluſh ſpread over my aunt's countenance: ſhe threw her eyes on the ground; and, after a pauſe, ſhe ſaid—" Indeed, my dear, I can think of no way of beſtowing it that is half ſo good: I ſhould now be extremely ſorry to ſee it employed otherwiſe. But, alas! few in the world have ſo much generous reflection and benevolence as you."

" That remark is by much too ſevere on the world, my dear," ſaid my uncle;

" but, as we are of one mind reſpecting the diſpoſal of the annuity, I ſhall go and give directions accordingly."

You ſee, my dear Juliet, that I endeavour to repay you, in quantity at leaſt, for the narrative you ſent me. I ſuppoſe you will ſoon have a viſit from the hero of that tale. The marchioneſs's friends at Richmond will on no account part with her. I am convinced they will not be able to keep her an hour, however, after ſhe hears of lady Diana's arrival in London.

Adieu! my deareſt Juliet.

H. CLIFFORD.

LETTER LXIV.

The Honourable JOHN MORDAUNT *to Colonel* SOMMERS.

DEAR SOMMERS, Winchester.

TRAVERS and I ſet out from London for Hampſhire this morning. We were detained here by ſome buſineſs I had with a perſon whom I found waiting for me at the inn. Travers is gone to bed. As I do not find myſelf ſo diſpoſed, I will recount a little incident that occurred on the road, and which has never been entirely out of my thoughts ſince. For aught I know it is that, and that only, which keeps off all diſpoſition to ſleep: my account of it will perhaps have a contrary effect on you.

We rode on horſeback the two firſt poſts; and, as the weather was fine, ſometimes deviated, on purpoſe to have a more commanding view of the country.—The *real* view of

fine landſcapes is as pleaſing as moſt verbal deſcriptions of them are fatiguing.

As we returned to the road, after one of theſe ſhort excurſions, we obſerved a poſt-chaiſe, with a woman, ſomething in the ſtyle of a lady's maid in it, before the door of a cottage. Juſt as we came up, a lady came out of the cottage, ſtepped into the chaiſe, the door of which her footman ſhut, mounted his horſe, and deſired the poſtillion to drive on.

I had two views of this lady's face—one as ſhe went from the cottage-door to the chaiſe; the other after ſhe was in it, when ſhe put her head a moment from the window, looking at Travers and me.

In the courſe of my life I never beheld ſo charming a countenance. Nothing could equal the lovelineſs of her face, except the elegance and ſymmetry of her perſon. I never was ſo forcibly ſtruck with the lightning of mere perſonal beauty: but it was not

merely perſonal, for, in the two ſhort views I had, I could perceive that

" Her eyes ſhot ſenſe, diſtinct and clear
As any muſe's tongue could ſpeak *."

" An Phœbi ſoror? an Nympharum ſanguinis una?"

ſaid Travers, as he followed the chaiſe with his eyes; then, turning to a young fellow, in a ſailor's dreſs, who ſtood near the door of the cottage—" I'll give you a ſhilling, my lad," ſaid he, " if you'll tell me who the lady is who went laſt into the chaiſe?"

" I would give half a crown myſelf to know who ſhe is," anſwered the ſailor.

" I honour your generoſity as well as your taſte, my honeſt fellow," cried Travers; " and you'll oblige me by accepting this half-guinea, to drink the woman's health you admire ſo much."

" Thank your honour," replied the ſailor. " All the information I can give you concerning the lady who has juſt ſet ſail is, that I am ſure ſhe is an Engliſh woman,"

* Prior.

"How can you be ſure even of that?" ſaid Travers.

"Becauſe all your foreign women, were they ever ſo handſome, have ſomething of an outlandiſh look, which this lady has not," replied the ſailor.

"You have ſeen a great many foreign women, perhaps," reſumed Travers.

"I have ſailed round the world," anſwered he.

"You muſt, *then*, have had great opportunities. — And, pray, where did you ſee the handſomeſt?"

"Why, pleaſe your honour, taking them all in all," rejoined the ſailor, "I do not know but the handſomeſt women I ever ſaw, that is to ſay, out of England, was during a voyage up the Mediterranean, where I chanced to get a glimpſe of ſome Greek girls belonging to an old Turk."

"To an *old* Turk?" ſaid Travers.

"Yes, very old, pleaſe your honour. One might have thought he had no more uſe for

ſo many girls than a dog has for a ſide-pocket, as the ſaying is. But the fight I had of them had like to have coſt me very dear."

"Thoſe Greek girls came neareſt in beauty to the lady who is juſt gone, you think?" ſaid Travers.

"No, pleaſe your honour—Nell Smith, of Liverpool, comes neareſt in the article of face, which is all I can ſpeak to in reſpect of Nell."

"You think, then, that Nell Smith herſelf is not quite ſo handſome as that lady?"

"I cannot in conſcience ſay ſhe is," replied the ſailor; "though, for my own part, I would prefer Nell, for old acquaintance ſake."

"There is encouragement to matrimony," exclaimed Travers, addreſſing me.

"Let us ſtep into the cottage," ſaid I, diſmounting.

Travers did the ſame; and having deſired the ſailor to deliver his compliments to Nell Smith, he followed me.

We found a woman ſuckling an infant, and two girls, one about eight years old, and the other about three, coarſely but neatly dreſſed.

On inquiring of the woman who the lady was, ſhe anſwered, with fervour, "The lady is an angel!"

"This much I knew before. But I wiſh to know her name, and the family ſhe belongs to," ſaid I, ſlipping a guinea into her hand.

"It is not in my power, ſir, to ſatisfy you in any of thoſe matters," replied the poor woman, offering me the guinea back again; which having refuſed to take, I ſaid, "It ſeems a little particular that you ſhould not know the name of a lady who viſits you."

She then informed me "that her huſband was a labouring man, who worked at a place about a mile from the cottage; that, ſome weeks ago, ſhe had occaſion to ſend her eldeſt daughter to him three hours before the uſual time of his return home; that the youngeſt

falling a crying to be allowed to accompany her ſiſter, and the weather being fair, ſhe had conſented; but when the children arrived at the place where he uſually was at work, their father was gone elſewhere, and they were obliged to return. On their way home an unexpected rain had fallen; the children were drenched to the ſkin; and the youngeſt not being able to walk the whole way, the eldeſt carried her till ſhe was ready to ſink with fatigue. The lady was paſſing in her carriage at that moment: moved with compaſſion at the ſight of the children, ſhe had ſtopped her carriage, and taken them into it." By the elder child's direction, the poſtillion drove to the cottage. The mother had not gone in ſearch of them, becauſe ſhe never doubted their having found their father, and being under his care. The poor woman added, "that the lady had entered the cottage, ſeen the children put to bed with as much care as if ſhe had been their mother, had given

her money to buy them clothes——Oh! gentlemen," continued ſhe, with fervour, "the lady you are inquiring after is, indeed, an angel, if ever there was one on earth, though my huſband will not allow me to ſay ſo."

"Why will he not allow you?"

"He ſays there are no angels but thoſe which come from heaven; and this lady has never been there as yet."

"Your huſband is a very religious man?"

"Yes, that he is; but he is a very honeſt man alſo."

"You do not think him the worſe for his religion, then?"

"Not a bit—it rather does him good. It made him contented, even when things were at the worſt with us. The ſame croſs accidents which ſet others a-curſing makes him ſay his prayers. When I told him that the lady's happening to paſs juſt when the children were on the road was a very lucky accident,

he ſaid "there was no accident in it; for it was all owing to Providence; and therefore I ought to be thankful to God."

"Well, what had you to anſwer to that?"

I anſwered, "I was thankful to God, whether it was owing to accident or to Providence. But, after all, I thought myſelf chiefly obliged to the lady."

"What is the lady's name?" ſaid I.

"I aſked that oftener than once," ſaid the woman; "but the ſervants had orders not to tell it: but I diſcovered where ſhe lived."

"I am glad of that," replied I.—"Where does ſhe live?"

"I am next to certain," anſwered the woman, "that ſhe lives in London—for"——

"What part of London?"

"Nay, that," rejoined ſhe, "I never could learn."

As it was now too late to think of overtaking the chaiſe, I continued my inquiries, and was informed that the lady had promiſed to

place the eldeſt girl, of whom ſhe ſeemed particularly fond, at a ſchool in the neighbourhood, and to continue to aſſiſt the family in other reſpects.

The poor woman, obſerving that this information made me more anxious to know who the lady was, ſaid, "I am ſure your honour will not be long in finding her out; for I have already told you that ſhe lives in London: and, from what I have heard, there are not a great many ſuch women there; and what there are muſt, no doubt, be of the firſt-rate quality."

With this I was obliged to be ſatisfied, and ſo took leave of the cottage, which I poſſibly may reviſit on my return to London.—Travers and I had a good deal of converſation on this incognita as we proceeded on our journey; and after I had finiſhed my buſineſs with the perſon who waited for me here, we reſumed the ſame after ſupper, till he became drowſy and went to bed. I ſeized the pen,

and have given you this important narrative.

To-morrow we ſhall be at my brother's by his hour of breakfaſt.

Adieu!

J. MORDAUNT.

LETTER LXV.

The Hon. JOHN MORDAUNT *to Col.* SOMMERS.

Roſe-Mount.

HERE I have been theſe three days; and, though I have no information to give you on the main point, I feel myſelf diſpoſed to write to you.

Habit is ſaid to be a ſecond nature. I uſed to think myſelf an exception to that maxim; yet my long practice of ſcribbling from Vevay has rendered letter-writing a pleaſure, which I formerly conſidered as a taſk. In proof of this effect of habit I could alſo name ſome of our acquaintance who married for conveniency, without one particle of love, and, of courſe, began their conjugal career in a ſtate of indifference towards their yoke-mate; but, by the habit of dragging the ſame weight together, both acquired a kind of affection for each other, which gradually in-

creaſed, and now they are never happy aſunder.

Theſe obſervations, you will preſume, will naturally incline me to break my reſolution againſt marrying, and liſten to my brother's advice. So perhaps they might, if I could not name a greater number of couples of our acquaintance who married for love, and love alone, grew ſick of each other within a few months, found their mutual complaint to increaſe the more they were together, and never were tolerably eaſy unleſs they were aſunder.

What is the meaning of this contrariety? Is it poſſible to believe that habit operates ſo fantaſtically as to reconcile us only to what we diſlike, and to render us averſe to what we are fond of? No,—this idea is too whimſical to be juſt. *Your* experience, my dear Sommers, and that of your Juliet, will refute it.

Thoſe in the firſt predicament, who marry in ſpite of diſlike or indifference, are generally

men whoſe leading paſſion is avarice, who think domeſtic diſguſt and diſquiet do not overbalance the pleaſures which money can procure; or phlegmatic indolent women, incapable of a lively paſſion, who, being ſenſible of no ſuch great difference between one man and another as a difference of fortune makes, ſacrifice the man they prefer in all other reſpects, if he is deficient in fortune, to him they contemn or are entirely indifferent about, if he be well provided in that article: and it frequently happens, that their original contempt of their huſband mellows into indifference; and indifference, by dint of habit, and by the continued affectation of love, produces at laſt a ſpecies of liking bordering on good-will: juſt, by way of example, as thoſe who cannot afford claret take to port, or perhaps porter; which, though unpalatable at firſt, becomes leſs and leſs ſo by dint of patience and perſeverance, and at laſt tolerably ſuits their taſte.

Thoſe, on the other hand, who, deſpiſing all other conſiderations, marry from love, and ſeparate ſoon after from hatred, may be compared to people who are ſo fond of claret, that, without thinking of the price, indulge in exceſſes which create diſguſt and remorſe.

Notwithſtanding the experience I have had that habit can overcome diſlike in the inſtance of letter-writing, and notwithſtanding that, in the foregoing illuſtrations, the latter produces the moſt diſmal cataſtrophe, I am ſo framed, that if I ever ſhould venture on matrimony at all, I am convinced I would chooſe to riſk the fate of the claret-drinkers.

That my brother has a particular lady in his eye, to whom he wiſhes me united, I ſuſpect; that I do not know the woman, to whom I ſhould not think it a great misfortune to be ſo united, is certain. If I were obliged at this moment to make a choice, I do not know that I ſhould not fix, at all riſks, on the lady of the cottage, mentioned in my

life. Can any thing be a ſtronger proof of the ſlight impreſſion which all my female acquaintance have made on me? The truth is, none of them ever occupy my thoughts; whereas, that incognita has ſeldom been abſent from my mind ſince I ſaw her. I don't know that I have not before ſeen women of equal beauty; but I am ſure I never beheld ſo intelligent a countenance, or one ſo peculiarly to my taſte. On my ſoul, it is ſingular that ſhe ſhould engroſs me ſo much. I ſhall ſurely forget her within a day or two. I had but a mere glance of the woman. Were I to allow the tranſient appariſion to teaze me much longer, I ſhould deſerve, as Benedict ſays, "to have my eyes pickt out, and to have my perſon hung up for the ſign of blind Cupid."

Lord Cardon arrived here the day after Travers and I. I believe you are not acquainted with that agreeable old poet. To give you ſome notion of him, as well as of

my kinſman governor Flint, ſhall be the ſubject of this letter.

To an excellent underſtanding lord Cardon joins the moſt cheerful diſpoſition, and the happieſt talent of pleaſing. Some people think that he has rather more wit and humour than is conſiſtent with the dignity of the peerage. Lord Gelid once told me ſo, and lamented it greatly, becauſe he acknowledged, "that, in ſome other reſpects, lord Cardon was much of a nobleman."

With all his pleaſantry, and air of carelеſſneſs, few men pay more ſerious attention to the calls of humanity. He often makes the firſt ſubſervient to the purpoſes of the laſt; and has often drawn thoſe, whom compaſſion could not have moved, into acts of beneficence for the joke's ſake. He once prevailed on lord Gelid, the moſt unfeeling of mankind, to perform an act of charity from pure ſympathy. Having applied for an office in his lordſhip's gift, for a perſon whom

he repreſented to be in peculiarly hard circumſtances, and mentioned his having five children to maintain,—lord Gelid anſwered, "that it was no hardſhip for a man to maintain his own children."

Seeing that this ſtatement had no effect, lord Cardon tried another, which he thought might create more ſympathy.

"I am of your lordſhip's opinion," replied he, "that it is no hardſhip for a man to maintain his *own* children; but I hope you will admit that it is a conſiderable hardſhip for a man to be obliged to maintain children that are not his own."

"Not his own!" exclaimed lord Gelid; "Whoſe children are they then?"

"Alas! my lord," replied lord Cardon, "what augments the hardſhip of this man's caſe is, that the queſtion you put is what none but his wife can anſwer. All that the worthy man himſelf is phyſically certain of is, that the children are not his."

There was ſomething in this ſtatement

which awakened the feelings of lord Gelid ſo uncommonly, that he granted the favour demanded.

Since his arrival here, lord Cardon has alſo, in a manner peculiar to himſelf, prevailed on my brother to promiſe to ſerve a perſon againſt whom he had been a good deal prejudiced.

You have heard the ſtory of Mrs. ——. After that affair was firſt talked of, and when it was thought that no part of her fortune would be recovered, many who had called themſelves her friends, and had profited by her extravagance, abandoned her entirely, without examining whether ſhe was ſo much to blame as was ſaid, or not.

Lord Cardon for ſome time ſeemed to be her only advocate; and yeſterday, at breakfaſt, he endeavoured to intereſt my brother in her caſe, which is ſoon to be brought before the Houſe of Peers.

My brother expreſſed ſome ſurpriſe at his taking ſo warm a part in a perſon who had behaved ſo very imprudently.

"Had ſhe always behaved with prudence, my lord," ſaid lord Cardon, "ſhe would not have ſtood in need of any body to take her part. But, I am convinced, that advantage has been taken of her imprudent conduct, to give a much worſe repreſentation of her than ſhe deſerves. At all events, my lord, the imprudence of her conduct has nothing to do with the juſtice of her claim. It is your attention to her caſe only that I ſolicit your lordſhip for: from me ſhe has a right to expect all the ſupport in my power; I lie under a very important obligation to that lady."

"I cannot conceive," ſaid my brother, "how your lordſhip can lie under an important obligation to ſo frivolous a woman!"

"You will be ſtill more at a loſs," rejoined lord Cardon, "when I aſſure you that the obligation under which ſhe laid me is increaſed, inſtead of being diminiſhed, by the frivolity of the unfortunate lady's character. In ſhort, my lord," continued he, "though no traces of it remain now, Mrs. —— was, about twenty years ago, a very

beautiful woman; and at that time I was (and I fear ſome traces of it remain ſtill) a very giddy fellow; ſo much ſo, that I actually made a propoſal of marriage to the lady in queſtion, which ſhe had the goodneſs to reject. This was an obligation of ſuch importance, as, without being the moſt ungrateful of men, I never can forget."

"Now that I am acquainted with the very eſſential obligation which your lordſhip lies under to Mrs. ——, you may rely upon it," anſwered my brother, "that I ſhall take pains to underſtand her caſe; and, if I think ſhe has juſtice on her ſide, I will join your lordſhip in doing her all the ſervice in my power."

I am ſummoned to dinner; but if it rains to-morrow as inceſſantly as it has done to-day, I ſhall give you a little more of lord Cardon. Farewell!

END OF THE SECOND VOLUME.

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Printed by S. Hamilton, Falcon-court, Fleet-ſtreet, London.

AUG 4 - 1941